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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Incorporating the
Australian Home Budget

JULY 1, 1950

Ski Fashions

G.

COLDS, FLU, COMMONSENSE, — and 'ASPRO'!

The sensible attitude towards colds and 'flu is to do all you can to stop them taking hold of you. Fresh air — plain food — exercise and warm clothing — these are simple and good rules as far as circumstances permit you to follow them. But there's another important item to consider — **never be without 'ASPRO'.** The value of 'ASPRO' when colds and 'flu are about has been proved so many times down the years that to be without it in the home or in your handbag or pocket during the treacherous months really amounts to neglect. Get 'ASPRO' today!



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1 Mix 2 or 3 'Aspro' tablets in a half glass of water and gargle. This is a wise precaution when infection is about and also helps to relieve sore throat. Repeat every few hours if necessary.

Take 'ASPRO' during the day!

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Or go to bed with 'ASPRO' and a Piping Hot Lemon Drink!

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**2 'ASPRO' tablets
with
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HOUSEWORK
BLUES**

When housework tells and you feel jaded and nerve-racked, try 'ASPRO' with your CUP OF TEA. You'll feel wonderfully soothed and calmed. It's a combination every housewife should know.



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"MORNINGS AFTER"
NEURITIS
LUMBAGO
EARACHE
SCIATICA
TOOTHACHE
SLEEPLESSNESS
TEMPERATURE
SORE THROAT

GRATITUDE OF A QUEENSLAND MOTHER

Mrs. Jessica G. Galvin, of 5 Qualtrough Street, off Ipswich Road, South Brisbane, writes:—Dear Sirs.—I often wondered why it was people send you along the many testimonials which you use in your advertising, and now I know that it must be because of a great feeling of gratitude for what 'Aspro' has done for them. I have found 'Aspro' such a great boon in my home that I felt I would like to write to you about it. We always use it at the first sign of a cold or sore throat and find that it always does what you claim for it. It will relieve a cold very quickly, and knowing it is quite safe to use I do not hesitate to give it to the children when required. They are very healthy specimens indeed, and I can truly say that 'Aspro' has played a big part in keeping us all fit.

THE PURITY OF 'ASPRO'

The purity of 'Aspro' conforms to the standard laid down by the British Pharmacopoeia—a guiding authority of the Medical Profession.

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leaves no
"AFTER-EFFECTS"**

**Does not harm
HEART
or
STOMACH**

'ASPRO'

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ONE GOOD TURN

BY
Dorothy Black

Sue had been dreaming of meeting a tall, handsome young man on ship-board. Instead, it was a quaint, old-fashioned lady who provided plenty of surprises for several people.

IT would, Sue decided, be possible to love Mr. Paul. Not that he was at all glamorous. There wasn't anyone glamorous on the Pantheon that trip. There were only people fervent in business, showing one another chromium-plated taps, or discussing with enthusiasm worsted yarns, and tops, and nails.

Even Sue was travelling on business with the new fashions, which was a good thing. It would not have been much fun to have come on this voyage looking for love! Still, Sue decided, it would have been possible to love Mr. Paul if one had had to.

He wasn't young, and he wasn't tall, and his hair had gone out like a tide that has ebbed and ebbed and never returned. But there was something very likeable about him. He spoke with a slow, broad gorth country accent.

He spoke with warm affection of diesel engines. As though they were aunts he was fond of, and he never minded in the least being snubbed, and ridiculed, and made the butt of Mr. Pontfort's reinforced-concrete jokes.

Under no circumstances whatever, Sue decided firmly, could one have loved Mr. Pontfort. He was rich as Croesus, and made no bones about it. He was head of the firm of which Mr. Paul was quite obviously a not very important member. He was large and fat and pink, with eyes like sultanas, and he was incredibly pleased with himself. Yes, Mr. Pontfort's most enthusiastic admirer was indubitably Mr. Pontfort.

Money was no object to him. He had the bridal suite (without bride). Though intending to do a little business on the side, he made it quite plain that he was merely travelling around visiting influential people, leaving all the dirty work to Mr. Paul.

Sue felt glad that, in this hive of commercial

industry, she could say that she was also helping export. She was taking out a large consignment of frocks, which she would show at some of the big New York shops, and dress shows.

Naturally, like any other girl in the early twenties, she had not boarded the ship without a little secret hope that perhaps romance might be waiting for her also. She might so easily meet him, the nameless man she sometimes dreamed about. Perhaps she would find him sitting at the same table, or he might come to her on the dance floor, saying: "Can I have this dance?"

She wanted him to be tall, with wide shoulders and slender hips, and black hair that curled in spite of all he did to it, and blue eyes that would look even bluer than they were, because he would be very sunburned. That was how she wanted him to be.

One glance at the row of passengers leaning over the rail as she mounted the gangway had knocked that dream for six. She found herself at a table with Mr. Paul and Mr. Pontfort, with Mr. Pontfort snubbing Mr. Paul whenever he felt like it, and knocking cups of tea and glasses of water over him, and never apologising.

I would have done better, after all, to sit with old Miss Farrar, thought Sue. At least we would have had some good laughs.

She had come in the boat train with Miss Farrar, who was seventy but very gay. Sue had helped her with her twenty-five pieces of baggage. "I can't imagine what is in them all," said Miss Farrar, eyeing them as if she had never seen them before and it was all a delightful surprise.

More than once Sue had had to disentangle her from the web of her own shawls, scarves, rugs, comforter, and mufflers.

Please turn to page 4

As Sue walked gracefully across the deck towards Miss Farrar, the young man rose and smiled warmly.

John M. White

LUX...

So safe!

Those tiny Lux diamonds give
such fast, gentle suds...keep dainty

knitteds lovely
so much longer



YOU'LL NEED a lacy jumper

for wear with winter suits... for firelit nights at home
... for Spring days later on. And you'll need Lux,
too, of course, to pamper it when washday comes along!
What a shame to let strong soaps and harsh washing
methods play havoc with dainty knitteds — when safe,
gentle Lux suds keep them lovely!

Don't risk harsh soaps!

Keep your hands soft
and petal-smooth.
Lux care is gentler



U.312.WW/42g

MISS FARRAR had come prepared for not one, but numerous shipwrecks. She had flasks of brandy and bags of biscuits, and on the boat train had insisted on sharing, with Sue, some excellent cake.

"Perhaps we could share a table, dear," Miss Farrar had suggested. "After all, neither of us knows a soul on board."

At that time Sue still had her dream and her hope, and the prospect of unwinding Miss Farrar out of her webs, and picking up the multitude of things she kept dropping, wasn't too inviting. When she discovered the firm had booked her place with Mr. Paul and Mr. Pontfort, she wished she had agreed with Miss Farrar's scheme. Though she wouldn't have minded if it had only been Mr. Paul.

Miss Farrar did not mind at all. Life hadn't been easy for her, but it had never got her down. She had a table to herself where she flirted outrageously with a handsome steward. She was going out on a visit to a fabulous family who lived on Long Island.

"My final fling, dear. My last bouquet," said Miss Farrar. "I am blowing all my savings, and mean to have a whale of a time."

The family, they were called Fabian, had sent for her first class. They were going to look after her.

Besides her return ticket, Miss Farrar had five pounds. That was all she had been able to take out of England for her last party, her gay holiday earned by a life of hard work. It infuriated Sue. Her mind went off turning and turning this problem over, while Mr. Pontfort rambled on with one dreary anecdote after another, all intended to enhance the importance of Mr. Pontfort. (He had just ordered champagne, which he drank himself, not even offering any to Mr. Paul.)

Oh, thought Sue, furious, if only I could be a kind of Robin Hood. Robin Hood was a good man. He took from the rich and gave it to the poor. If only, thought Sue, I could find some way of taking from Mr. Pontfort and enriching Miss Farrar! It did not seem right Mr. Pontfort should have all the money he wanted. How did he get it, anyway? There he sat, stuffing himself on extras, while poor Miss Farrar, when they handed her the fruit basket, had to whisper hoarsely:

"You are quite sure, Steward, that it is included?"

"His Royal Highness," boomed Mr. Pontfort, breaking into her day-dreaming, "drew me aside and said to me: 'Pontfort, old boy...'"

Sue stole a look at Mr. Paul. What, she wondered, did Mr. Paul make of his chief? There was no saying. His kind, bland face gave nothing away. He seemed to be thinking his own thoughts, twiddling his thumbs. Maybe thinking about his diesel engines. You'd want an engine or two to think about, mused Sue, travelling around with Mr. Pontfort.

It was terrible of Sue to laugh when she did, but she could not help it. Laughter just rose in her, perfect, bright, and complete, like a bubble in a champagne glass. It put Mr. Pontfort off his stride. It made him very angry. He was, it seemed, casting his pearls before swine. He made an angry sweeping gesture of impatience that sent a glass of water all over Mr. Paul, and regarded Sue with hostile sultanas.

"It appears I have been unintentionally funny," said Mr. Pontfort icily.

"No," gulped Sue. "It was just something I thought of."

She handed her table napkin to the sodden Mr. Paul, who was saying mildly and politely: "It's nothing at all. Accidents will happen." Just as if someone had apologised to him. Offended, Mr. Pontfort departed.

"Why don't you throw a glass of water over him one day," said Sue

One Good Turn

Continued from page 3

indignantly. Mr. Paul looked surprised.

"Oh, I couldn't do that. Mr. Pontfort doesn't mean any harm. He's just got a bit ostentatious. He and I," said Mr. Paul in a burst of confidence, "were lads together, and Mr. Pontfort was real nice to me many a time. He's forgotten about it now, but I haven't. I reckon maybe he was a bit vexed, finding I was booked on the same ship with him. He's come on, has John Willie."

"He ought to be jolly pleased to see you. You are far nicer than he is," said Sue.

"Me," said Mr. Paul, gratified, flushing a nice pink. "Eh, no. Mr. Pontfort has been round the world a bit and made a lot of money. I've stayed just a plain chap."

He smiled at her.

"Just say a word to Mr. Pontfort. He's offended like, and he'd appreciate it if you were to say a word."

Sue got up. "I was going to," she said softly. "Anyway."

Miss Farrar was sitting in the Long Gallery, on a brocade settee, in a mass of scarves, rugs, and mufflers. She looked like a caterpillar that has made its cocoon and is getting ready to do a bit of fretting. She was surrounded with her usual litter of old letters, papers, knitting bags, several warm rugs, and boxes of lozenges.

"Come here, my dear. Come here," cried Miss Farrar, berkoening wildly. "A most extraordinary thing has occurred. You know that man at your table—not the little

"There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often 'That a man does not know how to pass his time.'"

—Abraham Cowley

round one, dear, but the model de luxe. Well, he came along not an hour ago, bowed to me, and asked me would I dine with him to-night in the Verandah Grill! I could hardly believe my good luck, for as you know I have been simply dying to dine in the Verandah Grill, but it did not seem prudent to venture, on my five pounds. I couldn't help saying to him: 'Are you quite sure you mean me?' He said: 'But assuredly, madam,' and all but kissed by hand. A thing I have always longed to sample once, and never achieved."

Sue said: "Well!"

"Yes, dear. And it's all right on the score of money, too. Because he made that quite plain from the very start."

Sue said: "He would!"

She stooped to pick up a blizzard of cough lozenges that Miss Farrar had unwittingly scattered, and Mr. Paul, who was passing with a valve he wanted to show another engineer in the smoke room, stopped to help.

"I, of course, accepted with enthusiasm," said Miss Farrar. "Who wouldn't, and I don't think, do you, that people could possibly talk? I mean, if you cannot please yourself when you have passed your seventieth birthday, when can you? Dear me," cried Miss Farrar winding madly at the scarf round her neck, "it's so hot in here, but I can't seem to get this off."

"Try winding it the other way," said Sue.

"There. What did I tell you?" said Mr. Paul. They were alone at the lunch table, for Mr. Pontfort had not yet come down. "At heart Mr. Pontfort is real kind still, just as he was as a lad. It's nice, him picking up an old lady like that, just to give her a bit of fun. After all, he won't get much out of it."

"No," said Sue.

Mr. Paul added thoughtfully: "I reckon it must be some years since Mr. Pontfort did something he wasn't likely to benefit by."

"Well, you never can tell..." Sue began. The advent of Mr. Pontfort himself put an end to the conversation. Mr. Pontfort had changed his suit for a resplendent tweed, that put one in mind of cock pheasants in the closed season. He bowed to them with a new graciousness, and ordered hors-d'oeuvres, soup, oeufs à la plat, roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, sweet, and cheese. Then he said:

"I have to-day made the acquaintance of a real lady."

It was the beginning of Miss Farrar's Indian summer. All unexpectedly her dream came true, and more than true. Until then she had sat in a quiet corner, afraid even to order a ginger ale. Browsing rather apologetically on free potato chips.

Now she appeared at the dog races. She sat with her lap full of tickets purchased for her by Mr. Pontfort. She played Bingo, and soon picked up the patten.

"Number two... snakes eye!" cried Miss Farrar merrily laying her counter.

Her many mud-colored wrappings were replaced by gay scarves and shawls. There was one particularly festive one in cerise, with views of London buildings and the back end of horses all over it.

"For my age perhaps a trifle bright," said Miss Farrar. "What do you think, dear? I had to put it on. One cannot hurt people's feelings, though I own I was hard put to this morning, when he asked me what I thought of his tie. A strip of the firmament, dear, complete with a portion of the Milky Way and a couple of comets! But he is so terribly kind. Really if I were not the age I am, I would have said that I had fascinated Mr. Pontfort."

"But you have!" said Sue. "And it's a great triumph. I have it on good authority that it's the first time for years Mr. Pontfort has done something he doesn't expect to get anything out of."

"Yes, alas. I fear he will not get anything much out of me," said Miss Farrar regretfully, "for I only have my five pounds sterling and that is now minus twopence halfpenny for a stamp."

Four days were all too short for the great fun she was having. For two of them the ship heaved around, for two more the foghorn moaned and bellowed. Under the tender care of Mr. Pontfort Miss Farrar lacked nothing. Wrapped in rugs she was bogged away in a nook on deck. Beside her reclined the ever-attentive Mr. Pontfort.

"Perhaps she is like his mother," said Sue, tactfully trying to explain it.

Mr. Paul thought that over. Then he said finally: "Nay. Old Mrs. Pontfort wasn't anything like this one. This one seems a real nice old lady."

"I shall be sorry when this voyage is over," said Miss Farrar. "You know, dear, I had no idea people could be so charming and kind. The Fabians, of course, always have been, but then, they are different. There could never be anyone quite like them again. You must meet Marylou, the little girl I used to teach, and Sam, such a darling little boy, though as its fifteen years since I last saw them I expect they aren't little any longer. I must bring them to one of your dress shows. Marylou always loved pretty frocks. I am sure she will buy several. Oh yes, dear, they are very rich, but they are rich in a different way. It has never done them any harm."

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DANGER High Tension

BY BILL GULICK

IT happened, as those things always do, with a suddenness that gave the foreman, Mack Boyd, no chance to prevent it, no opportunity even to be sure just how it had happened.

One moment, Slim Conners had finished tightening the last nut on the copper connector and was shifting his working position on the substation steel above; the next, the lineman's body was writhing and the high-voltage current was spitting and crackling as it arced across him and through him to the beam.

There was little time for thought, but some men learn a capacity for acting without thinking. Before any of the ground crew could move, Mack lurched to the switch stool at the far corner of the substation, lifted the short wooden handle and threw his weight against it. The switch clanged open, the deadly spitting stopped, and Slim Conners hung there limp.

Mack heard his own voice shouting hoarsely, "Get a line on him, Petel . . . Shorty, bring the tarp out of the truck, then call an ambulance. Tell 'em to bring a respirator."

Later, Mack estimated that little more than a minute had passed from the time Slim Conners first got into the stuff until he was on the ground and artificial respiration started.

The ambulance got there with a doctor and a respirator within fifteen minutes. While the doctor worked, while the respirator steadily pulsed and sighed, while the minutes lengthened into hours, Mack paced slowly back and forth across the white gravel of the station yard, smoking, waiting.

At last the doctor rose. "It's no use.

Death must have been instantaneous. How much current was in that wire?"

"Thirteen thousand volts."

The doctor shook his head. Pete Fuller and the ambulance driver picked up the blanket-wrapped body and carried it out of the station. The steady, quiet hum of the big transformers droned persistently in Mack's ears as he stared up for a moment at the network of wires, insulators, and steel beams above him; then he turned and heavily followed.

The construction superintendent, Bill Larson, was waiting for him when he entered the private office at three o'clock in the afternoon a week later.

A dark, bulky man with direct eyes and a blunt manner, Larson said, "I wanted a word with you, Mack, before we went to the hearing."

Mack lowered his large body into a chair and fished a cigarette out of the pocket of his khaki shirt.

Larson scowled at his pipe. "You're clear of blame so far as I'm concerned. I want you to know that, Mack, no matter what the bright boys in the safety department decide."

"Thanks."

"But this may make a difference in my plans for you. I had you slated for the cross-state tower job starting next week. But now—"

Mack nodded his understanding of the unfinished sentence. He can't give the biggest construction job the company has had in years to a foreman with a doubtful safety record.

He'd wanted that job. Ninety-eight miles of new hundred-and-ten-thousand-volt, steel-tower transmission line was something to get your teeth in after ten years of rural-line construction and

rebuild jobs. But a man had been killed—one of his men.

If it had been the first black mark against him or even the second, it might have been overlooked, but this wasn't the first time or the second time. He stared down at his big-knuckled hands. Three men in five years. And a piece of myself died with each one.

"Let's get it over with," he said.

The safety engineer, Steve Hargis, and the division manager, Frye, listened while he repeated the story that was already down in black and white in the report lying open on Hargis' desk.

Patently he answered the safety engineer's coldly probing questions. Yes, all the company rules for hot-line work had been obeyed. No, there were no defects in the tools Slim had used. The weather had been perfect, the steel dry, the danger areas in the substation clearly pointed out before a man had left the ground.

Hargis sat tapping the eraser end of a yellow pencil against a memo pad.

"You lost a man three years ago, didn't you, Mack? Glenn Rourke. He fell from a sixty-foot pole during a sleet break."

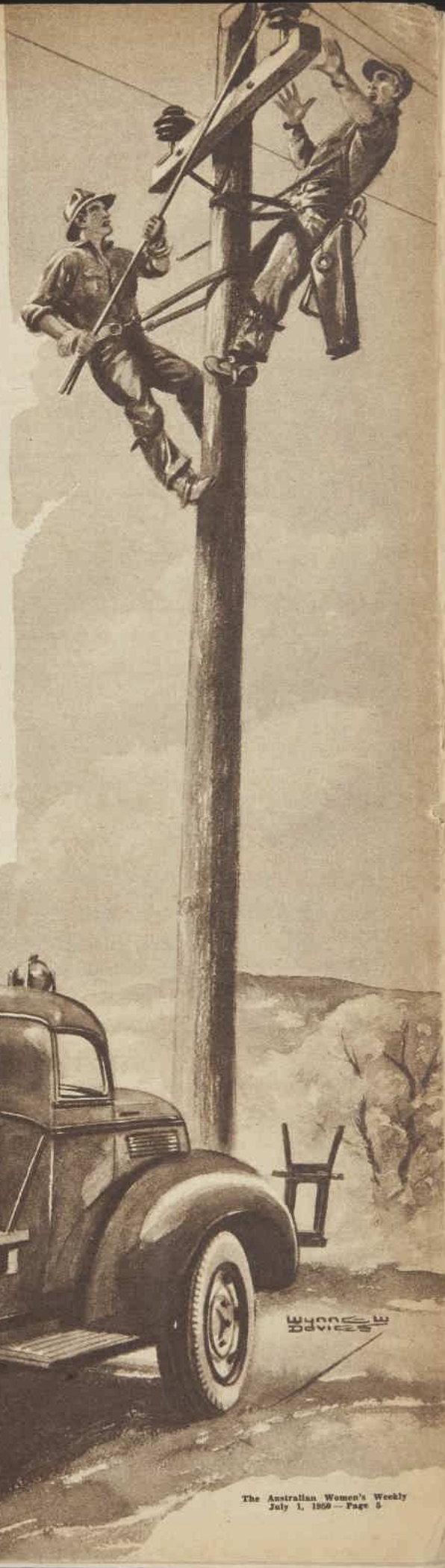
"Yes."

"Two years ago you lost another when Jeff Sanders got into a four-thousand-volt circuit. Correct?"

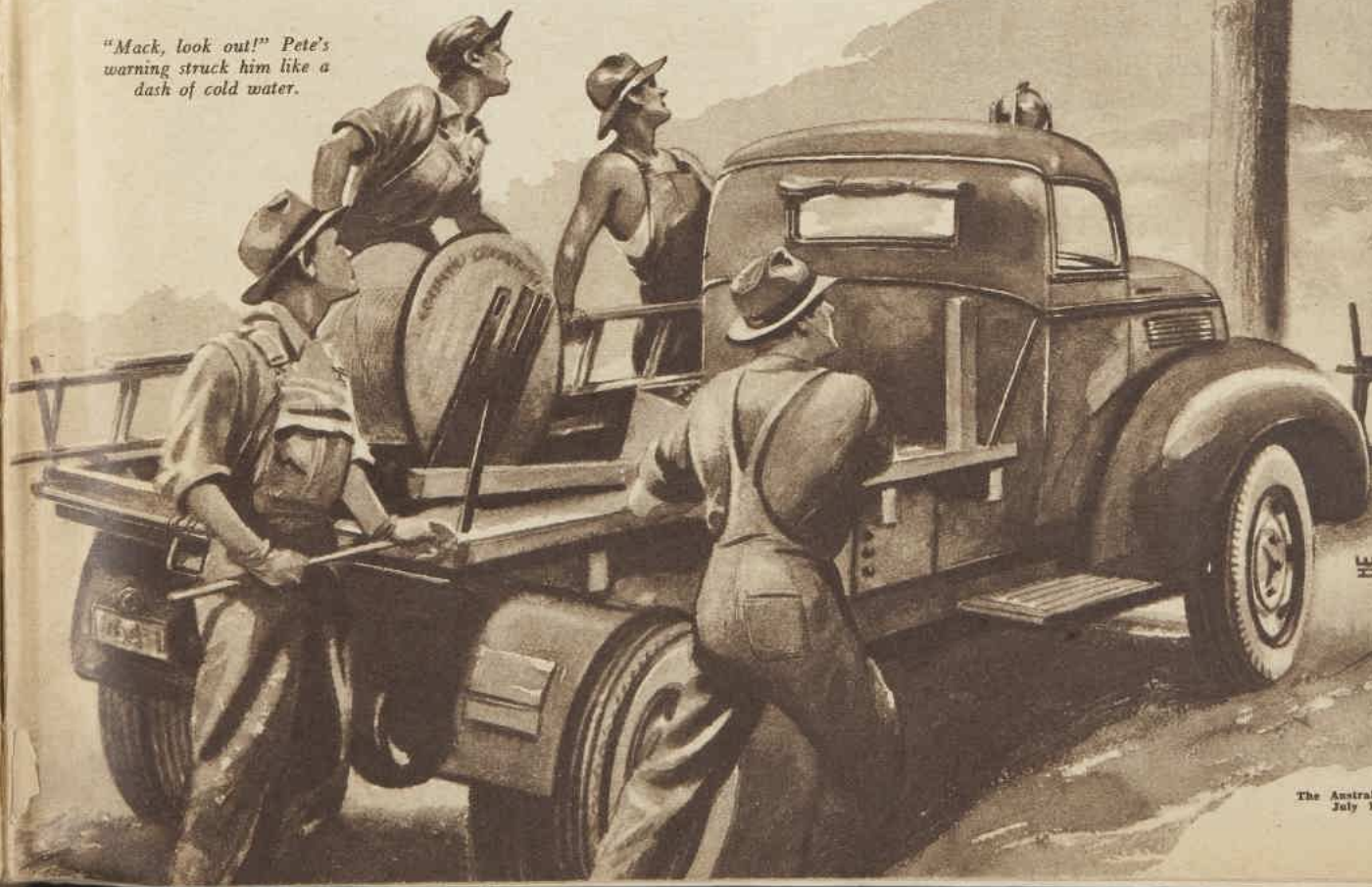
Mack nodded, his face stony. Hargis leaned forward. "In each case you were cleared of blame. But three fatal accidents in five years are too many."

"One is too many. But they happen."

Please turn to page 24



"Mack, look out!" Pete's warning struck him like a dash of cold water.



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There's no need to pile on extra blankets when the weather turns chilly. The colorful Pacific SUPER-TEX chenille bedspreads that bring beauty into your bedrooms by day make snug comforters by night. Made in Candlewick chenille, Colonial Weave, Baby chenille and the sensationally new corduroy-type Velwic chenille, they offer both charm and comfort at no extra cost! And because they launder as easily as a cotton sheet you can keep them "new looking" for years—without ever touching an iron! See them at your favourite store TO-DAY!



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Gentian Hill

by

ELIZABETH GOUDGE



PART FOUR OF A SEVEN-PART SERIAL

WHEN the leading frigate of the British Fleet, scouring the seas for Napoleon's navy, sails into quiet Torbay, one midshipman, MR. ANTHONY LOUIS MARY O'CONNELL, who believes he has been unjustly treated, deserts. On peaceful Weekaborough Farm, a few miles away, ten-year-old STELLA lives with her foster parents, FATHER and MOTHER SPRIGG. That evening Stella befriends a young fugitive, who calls himself ZACHARY, and brings him food. Continuing his travels, Anthony, who has become Zachary, undertakes a wrestling match with the local bully. He is honorably defeated, and kindly DOCTOR CRANE takes him home and tends his injuries. After a few days, when he is recovered, Zachary goes to Weekaborough Farm seeking work and has a joyful reunion with Stella. Now read on:

ZACHARY picked Stella up, not kissing her, not even wanting to, loving the feel of her in his arms, warm and thin and palpitating like a little bird, loving her laughter, laughing with her, with no desire to do anything any more except to stand in the sun and laugh with Stella.

The old ploughman, Sol, was still chuckling, and Hodge, the dog, who by some extraordinary deflating process had flattened himself sufficiently to get through the bars, was leaping about them and laughing too.

Only Father Sprigg, still upon the wrong side of the gate, exploded abruptly into one of the most impressive rages that even Sol, in all the long years of their acquaintance, had ever seen.

"What the devil!" demanded Father Sprigg, becoming at last coherent after most desperate and heroic efforts to control his language in front of Stella, and wrenching the gate open so violently that he nearly had it off its hinges.

"And who may you be—you—you—ugh!—you—twily young scoundrel! You dare touch my girl—you—foreigner! Hodge, come here! Stella, I'll take a stick to you, laughing in that brazen fashion! Hodge! Sol, you maundering old dotard, I'll give you the sack for this—letting a foreigner get his dirty hands on my plough."

He advanced upon Zachary, his big nobbly stick raised, once more roaring like a bull.

"Stand up to 'im, lad!" whispered Sol. Zachary pushed aside Stella and Hodge, who had planted themselves protectively in front of him, came up courageously to Father Sprigg and bowed to him. The nobbly stick dropped, and so did the farmer's jaw. In this presentable and courteous young stranger he

did not recognise the ragged boy whom he had once already got rid of from his farm.

"I ask your pardon, sir," said Zachary humbly, "I am staying in the village with Dr. Crane. I am his—sort of—relative. I passed this way and your ploughman was tired so I stayed and helped him."

"Sings counter tenor like he'd been born to the plough, sir," exulted Sol. "Abraham an' Moses, ee got un goin' at sich a pace that if ee hadn't appened along, geowering an' maundering, we'd ave 'ad the work 'alf done by this time. Let un bide, sir, an' 'im an' me, we'll 'ave the 'ole field ploughed by nummet time."

"Let him bide, Father!" pleaded Stella. "It wasn't his fault about me. I just jumped on him like I do on you. He's my friend, you see. Hodge's too."

"An' for why are you so set on ploughing my field?" demanded Father Sprigg of Zachary.

"I want to work at Weekaborough Farm, sir," said Zachary, still humbly but looking Father Sprigg straight in the eye. "Dr. Crane thought you might be so good as to give me employment. I think, sir, you could teach me to be a good shepherd as well as a good ploughman. He needs a bit of help, sir," he added.

"I've never had no foreigner working on my farm," growled Father Sprigg obstinately.

Stella sat there demurely, and Zachary vainly craned his neck to see her.

By foreigner he meant a man who was not a west country man; and by his speech he knew Zachary hailed from Sussex, or Wiltshire, or the Hebrides, or some such outlandish place that he'd never set eyes on. "There ain't no foreigner ever worked at Weekaborough."

Zachary took a deep breath. "When a homeless man sees a bit of earth that seems to him lovelier than any bit of earth he ever saw, do you blame him if he tries to stay there?" he asked. "You can become a native by love as well as by birth. Give me a trial sir. I'll serve the land well."

Stella, who all this time had stood scarcely daring to breathe, saw the obstinacy of Father Sprigg's mouth relax a little. Zachary had unconsciously touched the right note. Had he promised to serve the farmer well it would have meant less to Father Sprigg than his offer of service to the land.

"I'll speak to the doctor about ye," Father Sprigg said gruffly.

Zachary went to work with a will, glad to find himself not totally unequal to the labor of a full-grown man about a farm. It gave him courage and confidence again, as the doctor had hoped it would.

Please turn to page 29



*"have had three weeks in wonderland
- thanks to T.E.A.L.*

Rotorua, with its boiling pools, geysers, beautiful lakes, and year-round hot-water swimming is really wonderland - the thrill of a lifetime - we wouldn't have missed it for worlds. And there's that glorious trip to the Glow-worm Grotto at Waitomo - floating serenely along an underground river with millions of twinkling glow-worms overhead. But it's only through flying to New Zealand with T.E.A.L. that we've had time to spend here."

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TEAL

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A.C.10

GENTLEMEN BEWARE!

Looking up from the story-book, Margot was well aware of the charming picture she made.



MMARGOT FLEMING and Nancy Welles had not met for several weeks, kept apart by that distance, greater than the maps show, which lies between any city and its suburbs.

But Nancy, telephoning from the suburbs, economically avoided too long a going over of intervening events and as quickly as she could with grace arrived at the point she'd had in mind when she called Margot's number.

"If you could use a quiet week-end," she said with airy modesty, "we'd love to have you."

Margot Fleming had a sensitive ear. She put her response in the right key with the precision of absolute pitch.

"Oh, Nancy darling," she cried, "there's nothing I'd love more! It's been ages since you and I had a real chance to talk. And it would be wonderful to be with you—and Fred and the babies—instead of rattling around, well, rattling around with just people."

Her sweet husky voice was warm with suitable gratitude. It was deepened by a note of sincerity all the more bell-like for the need to conceal not only some natural hesitation at the prospect of a quiet week-end in the wintry suburbs but also the fact that her alternative was a depressingly quiet week-end in the city. And she really did want to see Nancy.

Partly because neither of them was entirely sure whether or not she envied the other, Nancy and Margot continued to consider themselves close friends; mistaking competitive watchfulness for a lasting compatibility that both felt did them great credit.

Against Nancy's tangible proof of female success in the form of a husband and two children stood Margot's untrammelled existence, burdened only lightly by a job with which she passed her days.

And still bright, as Nancy made a point of

knowing, with promising romantic pursuit. This even balance of fortune kept the question open of who had done better for herself, and compelled them to meet every so often to check up.

On the alert after Margot's reference to rattling around, and softened by a ready will to believe there was an emptiness in freedom, Nancy said it would be wonderful for her to see Margot. She went so far as to admit she'd been frozen in for so long with her loved ones that life seemed reduced to snow, food, and colds in the head.

"Poor darling," said Margot. Touched by Nancy's frankness, she returned her lead with equally honest confession. "But, Nancy, if it's not one thing it's another. I've about decided women can't win!"

One part of Nancy Welles' brain was ticking off the toll charges like a taxi meter, but at this she ignored it. She felt diversion was due her, and hang the expense.

"Why, Margot," she protested, enthralled, "that doesn't sound like you!"

For Margot, the long-desired, much-loved child of parents who had spared no care from baptism to dentistry, had always operated sunnily on the basis that happiness was her natural climate—as much a part of herself as the fortunate combination of shining hair and deep blue eyes and a wide pretty mouth that slid easily into smiles.

However, Margot merely laughed in a tryingly adult way and said that, oh, well, she had her problems as who did not.

"I know the kind of problems you have," Nancy Welles finessed with flattery; "tall, dark, handsome problems, baby!"

Torn between a wistful desire to exchange confidences and reluctance to confide that her problem of the moment was a shortage of beaux, either short and light or tall and dark, Margot played safe.

"Pet," she said, "you couldn't be more wrong, putting it in the plural that way!"

She knew the problem of a beau shortage comes to every woman on occasions beyond her control, but Margot wasn't used to it. It left a vacuum her nature quite sadly abhorred.

"Stop stalling around," pressed Nancy, jumped flatteringly to the wrong conclusion, and said if Margot was concentrating on only one problem he certainly must be a serious one.

"What's his drawback?" she inquired with morbid tenacity. "Does he drink?"

"Not to the extent of eating glass or climbing up the curtains," said Margot distantly.

She hadn't intended to mention Rodney Peters, but she was cornered. She had to produce something for self-respect's sake, and Rodney Peters was all she had to offer.

Depressed and annoyed that this could be so, she said, "It's nothing so dramatic, dear, and anyway he's not really a problem," with such unhappy earnestness and truth that Nancy Welles was instantly convinced of the exact opposite.

In the brief, loaded silence that followed, Margot was fretfully aware that instead of making things easier she had roused Nancy to such excited curiosity that she seemed to be choking on too many questions to speak.

"So there's not a thing to tell," said Margot off-handedly. Betrayed by her instinct to round things off smoothly and cushion the

effect of abruptness, she added with most provocative reluctance:

"Well, to tell the truth he has all the charm in the world and he's great fun! But—he happens to be married. To one of those eat-your-cake-and-have-it-too career types. So he has a little too much free time on his hands and he—But as far as I'm concerned it's not a problem. So there's nothing to talk about, really."

"Margot," said Nancy reproachfully, "you know you can always talk to me—"

"I know you're an angel," Margot interrupted affectionately but firmly. "And I can't wait to see you!"

"Me, too, dear," said Nancy, her voice bright with anticipation. She struggled with herself for an instant, then said with genuine self-sacrifice, "Margot, listen; if the weather should be too foul, don't feel you have to come—"

"Fate wouldn't do that to me," said Margot, reverting to more customary optimism. "I won't believe it!"

And having lived most of her life on friendly terms with fate, she didn't. Sitting by the telephone she began to plan what she would wear, and what and how much she would now have to tell Nancy about Rodney Peters.

With a mixture of rue and realism Margot reflected that she'd told Nancy the truth as far as she'd gone. It was all too true that Rodney Peters had charm, and it would be easy to refer to him with genuine sadness.

She decided on an attitude of reticent grief that would discourage questions but hint interestingly at her new role as leading lady in a bitter-sweet comedy of love and manners.

On which the curtain had risen at a cocktail party, a few days ago.

Please turn to page 36.

Page 9

By WINIFRED HALSTED



Three delicious,
wholesome favourites . . .



"Snack" — the only chocolate block with these four luscious centres . . .

1. "Cream Caramel" . . . a rich creamy caramel-flavour which lingers on your tongue.
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throughout Australia.

Ski fashions

During a recent visit to the Swiss Alps, our artist, Leonard Green, made these drawings showing the latest in ski wear.

● Austrian jumper, at left, has Fair Isle pattern with Tyrolean buttons.

● Nylon or gabardine wind-jacket, at right, is decorated with fabric ski badges.

● Smock-cut windjacket, above, accents waist.

● After-ski blouse, at right, can be worn bare-shouldered to catch sun.

● Ski trousers, above, are very full in the legs.

● Two types of ski caps, above, worn with scarves.

● Combined hood and scarf, at left, with belt, and smock-type after-ski coat and shoes, far right, are new.





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G.B. W.W. 22

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83/120

The Little Princesses

By their governess, MARION CRAWFORD

THERE had been no last-minute festivities inside the palace, no party or gathering of any kind, on the evening before Lilibet's wedding. There was too much to do.

The King and Queen and their daughters dined quietly together. After that there was a mass of detail to be gone into for to-morrow's function.

Lilibet went to bed very early. Philip had looked in during the evening and said his last good night to her. She came up to her room, singing.

There was a lovely feeling in the palace that night. We were all happy because she was happy, and things had at last gone right for her.

I don't think any of us had very much sleep. I went along to Lilibet's room very early in the morning, and found her in her dressing-gown, peeping excitedly out of the window at the crowds.

"I can't believe it's really happening, Crawfie," she said. "I have to keep pinching myself."

She had been down as usual for the session with papa and mummy in their room. They must all have been a little sad that morning, as people are on these occasions.

Standing there, peeping through the curtain, she looked such a child still that it was difficult to realise she had grown up, and would, that day, be a bride.

I stood in the doorway for a

moment looking back at her, and I could not help remembering that small golden-haired little girl I had first seen—could it really be sixteen years ago?—sitting up in bed, the cord of her dressing-gown tied to the bed-posts, driving her imaginary team of horses round the park.

I thought of Alah, and how dearly she would have loved this day, with her darling decked out in splendor, and surrounded with all the magnificence and ceremony Alah always felt to be a princess' due.

From the palace windows the whole world seemed a-flutter with flags.

The crowds had begun to gather the night before, and by daylight the whole Mall was a solid mass of people, with mounted police riding

Usual last-minute crises

up and down on their splendid horses.

Great numbers had slept out, and were having picnic breakfasts, and cooking bacon over little stoves.

It was funny to open the window and find, with the usual roaring noise, the smell of coffee drifting in.

Of course there were the usual last-minute crises, the tension common to any home on a wedding morning. The bouquet got lost.

A footman remembered receiving it and bringing it upstairs, but what happened to it after that nobody could imagine. It had gone!

When the uproar was at its height the footman remembered he had bethought himself to put it into a cupboard to keep cool.

Then Lilibet decided she must wear a certain wedding-present string of pearls, but they could not be found either.

After much agitation, someone remembered they had been sent over with the rest of the wedding-presents to St. James' Palace.

Her private secretary, Mr. John Colville, volunteered to go over and fetch them for her. He departed at the double. Unfortunately, the detectives on duty at St. James' did not know Mr. Colville.

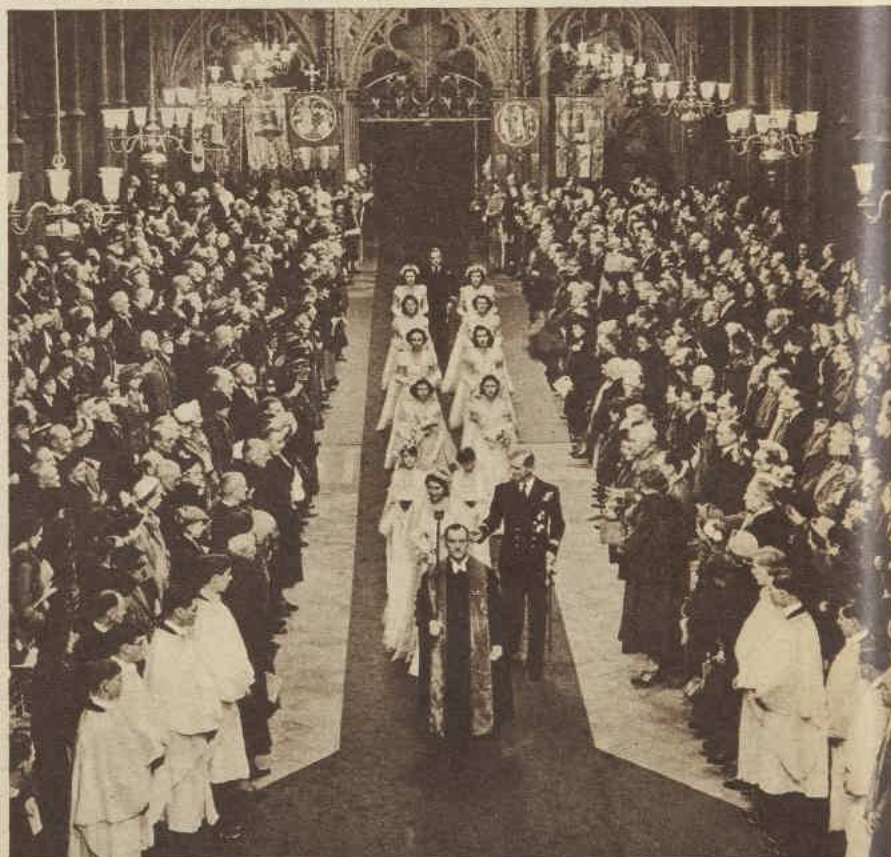
They listened to his story and thought it extremely fishy. They were taking no risks. In vain he pleaded with them; they refused to let him have the pearls.

In the end he was allowed to take them back to the palace with a policeman and a couple of detectives accompanying him, ready to pounce should he show any tendency to melt into the crowd!

The only person who remained throughout calm and cool was the staunch Bobo. She dressed her Princess, and then went over to the Abbey to be on hand to take care of her when she arrived there.

The Queen looked beautiful that day. She wore a dress of apricot-colored silk brocade, which I thought immensely more becoming to her than her usual shades of pastel-violet, blue, or mauve.

The dress was plainly and simply cut, and with it went an apricot-colored hat, and wonderful jewels that caught the light in a thousand different colors as she moved. Her face was the face of my little Duchess painted by Sorin long ago.



AFTER THE CEREMONY the bridal pair, followed by train bearers, bridesmaids, and best man, walk down the aisle. As she passed the King and Queen Princess Elizabeth gave them a beautiful, graceful curtsy.

IN Part X of The Little Princess last week "Crawfie" wrote of the engagement of Elizabeth and Philip, the happiness of the young couple, and the preparations for their wedding. She wrote, too, of her own quiet wedding, and of Margaret's first public duties as a grown-up Royal Princess.

She must have remembered another great occasion when she, a girl herself, had driven through just such crowds and rejoicings, to marry the man she loved.

Through the years I had had many reasons for admiring the Queen's self-control, but never more greatly than I did on that, her elder daughter's wedding morning.

And I thought, as I watched her enter the Abbey and kneel for a moment in prayer, that the most she could ask for her child was the happiness she herself had found in her own marriage.

Lilibet had arranged seats for George and me in Poets' Corner, not far from the King and Queen. "You must be near us," she said, "as you have been all these years."

There is always a nerve-racking moment, waiting for the bride to appear. It had been a dull morning, but now for a few moments a thin, watery sun shone through the stained-glass windows, lighting the feathers and silks and jewels of the waiting guests.

I remember feeling sick, just as I did on our pantomime mornings, or before a State ball.

The bells that hold such heart-rending memories for all of us rang out overhead, and every time the doors opened to admit anyone we heard far off that curious murmur that is the voice of a great crowd.

The organ played softly. We were all on tenterhooks, lest something had gone wrong since we left the palace.

I know I saw the Queen give a little sigh of relief when at last the great doors were thrown open and the Princess came.

A Princess she looked, that morning. She was pale. She had used hardly any make-up. Her veil was a white cloud about her, and light from the tall windows and from the candelabra caught and reflected the jewelled embroidery of her frock.

Her long spreading train, held with determination by Prince William and Prince Michael, in dress kilts and silk shirts, the wide skirts, her billowing veil, made her seem suddenly much taller than she really was.

One can never tell how young pages will behave on these awesome occasions, but both Prince William and Prince Michael played their parts admirably.

The former had one unrehearsed moment, however, when he tripped over part of the lighting or loud-speaking apparatus, and would have fallen but for the prompt action of the quick-witted Princess Margaret, who deftly caught him in time. It was so neatly done that few noticed the incident.

If Lilibet was nervous, she did not show it as she came slowly down the aisle on her father's arm.

The King wore the uniform that becomes him best, that of Admiral of the Fleet. Directly behind her sister, three paces ahead of the other bridesmaids, in emphasis of her rank, came Margaret, alone.

I hope people were not too taken up with the bride that day to notice her younger sister. The full-skirted net frock Margaret wore made her, too, look taller. She moved with extraordinary dignity and grace, her head held high.



More than once the King and Queen exchanged a smile and a reassured glance. Though the service must have been a poignant one for the Queen, with its many memories.

The past must have gone through her mind, as it went through mine, in a series of pictures of what had been an unusually happy family circle. A home in which no doors banged, and voices were never raised in anger, and a little girl had

grown to womanhood with natural good manners and a charm peculiarly her own.

If the years had not brought them quite what they had expected, there was so much about which to be glad and proud.

Lilibet herself had chosen all the hymns and the tunes to be played during the service, and one she chose was the old Scottish paraphrase that we of the north love so much because it is a part of our childhood. It was

sung to the tune of Crimond:

*The Lord's my Shepherd
I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green. He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.*

And then it was over, and Lilibet came out of the vestry on her tall husband's arm, with that radiant look on her face all brides should have.

Please turn to page 20

OFFICIAL WEDDING PICTURE of Princess Elizabeth and Lieut. Philip Mountbatten. The bridal gown of ivory duchesse satin was hand-embroidered in pearls, crystal, and satin and net applique in a design of York roses, ears of corn, orange blossom, and star flowers.

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Rue Suggests

Roses, roses, all the way

To cheer the winter scene clever dressers will follow the lead given by Paris designers, who have placed roses on hats and gowns.

● Balmain trails yellow roses over one shoulder of the evening gown, top left. Dior weighs down one side of the black velvet cap, top right, with a huge pink cabbage-rose, and Dior uses them again in the lopsided hat, above.

● Balmain tucks three large roses into the stiffened frill at the back of the taffeta gown, above, and Dior places a soft yellow rose at the back of the pale blue gown, above centre.

● Jacques Fath pins a single red rose with a long stalk at the throat of the black-and-white striped vest, above, and a yellow rosebud into the black belt worn, at left, with a black-and-white top, yellow skirt.

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Sumptuous American fashion show coming

Leading mannequins will wear models by foremost designers

Fashion history will be made by the American Fashion Parades in Sydney next month when four ace American mannequins will wear all types of clothes created by leading American designers.

The Myer Emporium Ltd., Melbourne and Adelaide, in conjunction with Neiman-Marcus, of Dallas, Texas, presents these American fashions to Australian women through the Daily and Sunday Telegraph and David Jones Limited.

The list of designers sending clothes for the parades reads like an American fashion "Who's Who." Included are Castillo, Hattie Carnegie, Trigere, Nettie Rosenstein, Ben Reig, Pattullo, Adrian, Maurice Rentner, Irene, Adele Simpson, Greer, Brigrance, Marusia, and Tina Leser.

AMERICA'S four loveliest mannequins, Carmen Dell'Orifice, Andrea Johnson, Margo Price, and Ruth Hancock, are flying to Australia to show the collection.

"These beautiful girls are taking with them the most complete wardrobe ever to leave America," said Mr. Stanley Marcus, executive vice-president of the world-famed firm of Neiman-Marcus.

"They'll take with them morning and afternoon frocks, suits, cocktail dresses, sportswear, swim suits, coats, capes, scarves. In addition they will have the best accessories available, all created by America's leading designers."

During one of his rush trips to New York energetic, good-looking Stanley Marcus told Peter Hastings of our New York staff that when it was proposed that Neiman-Marcus should send out some American fashions he jumped at the chance.

"I thought it a wonderful idea," he said.

"Ever since I read a book about Australia and looked through its color plates showing your wonderful beaches and bush scenes I carried with me a picture of a great continent and a great potential market for American quality goods."

Fabulous store

MARCUS is head of one of the world's most fabulous stores.

"There is none greater," he grinned. "If any store in America was fitted to co-operate in this venture we are. People come to Dallas from all over the world to buy at Neiman-Marcus."

"The average woman would have to go to 23 other specialist stores to obtain the range of apparel we have. In one of our publicity handouts we mentioned the figure 20. 'Life' magazine took us up and we said investigate if you want to."

"They did. Then they wrote us a handsome letter amending our figure to 23."

"That's why we are able to furnish such a complete collection."

"The girls will wear shoes by David Evans, Herbert Levine, Delman, Miller, Palter de Liso, Bernado, Capozio. They will carry bags by Koret, Styleheart, Allan Miller, and Coblentz."

"Their hats will be by John Fredricks, and there will be our own Neiman-Marcus originals. The accessories are magnificent. It is the best accessories line-up I have ever seen."

"The costume jewellery is by Nettie Rosenstein, who is the most sought-after costume jewellery designer in the world. We have Hattie Carnegie's jewellery and hand-painted scarves, and Vogue dress jewellery."

"Cardwallader, Strauss Mueller, and Emily Weatherby are sending their original unique scarves and bibelots."

Dates of Parades

● The American Fashion Parades arranged through the Daily and Sunday Telegraph and David Jones Limited will be given in Sydney from August 21 to August 26. Booking announcements will be made later in the Daily and Sunday Telegraph.

Stanley Marcus thinks that French fashions still may be the world's most chic; but that American fashions generally are better suited for Australia.

He hopes that when the dollar position improves Australia will be able to buy American fashions as well as other American commodities.

"I think this joint venture with the Daily and Sunday Telegraph and David Jones Limited is one of the most significant things that has happened for a long time in the fashion field."

"This is an ambassadorial proposition. We know Australian women cannot buy American goods yet; but we think they should be given a chance to see what we have got, and we think we've got everything."

The girls will give a full dress preview of the Australian show for America's fashion leaders on July 19 at Dallas, Texas.

They will model everything which they are taking to Australia. After the Dallas show the girls will leave for San Francisco to catch a Pan-American plane for Australia.

This is the third time Neiman-Marcus girls have been sent abroad.

"We've had two fashion shows in Mexico, but I can tell you this—we attach more importance to this show than any we have ever held. We think Australian women are going to get the shock of their lives—a pleasant shock," said Mr. Marcus.

The models will be headed by a tall brunette, 24-year-old Ruth Hancock.

She started modelling in Dallas, Texas, when she was in her early teens, despite the fact that she was considered too small, too shy, and had an older sister who was thought to be much prettier.

But with her creamy skin, dark brown hair, and flair for wearing any style with a touch of elegance, she soon became Neiman-Marcus' top model. She started work in the famous Dallas store's sports department, took a chance when offered a casual invitation to model, and made good.

She has featured in some of the most elaborate fashion shows ever displayed in the United States, in-



LOVELIEST MANNEQUINS in America, Carmen Dell'Orifice, Andrea Johnson, and Margo Price, who with Ruth Hancock will fly to Australia with a magnificent collection of American clothes by leading designers.

cluding the fabulous spring and autumn showings in the ornate, gold-ceilinged rooms of the Waldorf-Astoria and the Ritz-Carlton, where fashion experts, buyers, and wealthy socialites gather from all over the world.

She is married to a Dallas banker, Hal Hancock, junior.

Carmen Dell'Orifice has been voted America's most promising model. She is 18 years old, and a platinum blonde with magnificent grey-green eyes. Although she is five feet eleven inches in height, her weight is only seven stone five pounds.

Works for "Vogue"

WITH her extraordinary beauty and superb grace Carmen can model any type of clothes. She started her modelling career when she was 13, and has worked almost exclusively for "Vogue."

Carmen is the only one of the four girls not married and says, "I like modelling but I'd sooner get married."

To 28-year-old Andrea Johnson goes the distinction of being the most photographed model in America. She has been featured on the covers of "Vogue" and "Harper's Bazaar" more often than any other model in the States, and earns

more than any other, sometimes as much as £300 a week.

Andrea is blonde and is five feet six inches.

One result of that hard work is that she now heads her own modelling agency, "Figure Heads."

Andrea employs 30 girls and often directs the fashion shows in which they appear.

Her husband, 33-year-old Claude Travers, is now a partner and director in the firm.

Margo Price, who is a brunette, was literally shanghaied into a modelling career. She was 18, had just finished school and was on a holiday visit to New York in 1944 when fate took over.

"It sounds like something out of a Hollywood scenario, but this is exactly what happened," says Margo. "I was shopping along Broadway when a well-dressed man suddenly came up to me and said, 'You're just the girl I'm looking for.' Before I could protest he grabbed me by the arm, whisked me into an office building, and up in the elevator to a fashion showroom."

"It turned out to be one of the well-known dress houses, and when

I was asked to model some frocks I decided to take a chance. In a sort of daze I paraded out in evening gowns, sports dresses, and suits, feeling very, very awkward."

"There were half a dozen men and women looking on and nobody said a word. But when it was all over, my discoverer—who turned out to be a partner in the business—jumped up and exclaimed:

"'Yes, you're perfect. You can't walk and you have no idea what to do with your hands, but we will teach you those things in a few hours. Can you report for work tomorrow morning?'"

Our cover

THE unusual ski-ing picture on our cover this week was painted by our artist, Leonard Green, during a recent visit to the Swiss Alps.

Mr. Green is well known as an expert skier. On page 11 he has a series of sketches showing all the latest trends of ski fashions abroad.

Editorial

JULY 1, 1950

FOR SERVICE IN MALAYA

AS the Dakotas of the R.A.A.F. squadron assigned to duty in Malaya touch down there, the parents, wives, and sweethearts will be giving fervent thanks that in this operation the boys will be dropping supplies, not bombs.

The planes are to provide troop and supply transport and general support in the campaign against the terrorists, who have been making a grim background to life in Malaya for years.

Even so, the job will have its hazards. The terrorists have already shown that they are not to be taken lightly. People of Malaya go about their daily work in deadly fear of bomb or ambush.

What began as sporadic unrest in 1947 has developed over the past two years as widespread terrorism that cannot be controlled by ordinary police methods.

Australia's nearness to Malaya, and her dependence on British strength there, makes her vitally concerned with the peace and security of the area.

The R.A.A.F. squadron is being sent at the request of the United Kingdom government for that particular type of help. Most Australians will share the thankfulness of the men's relatives that shooting help was not sought.

The fifth anniversary of V-P Day is only about six weeks away, and all those few years have been haunted, not only by bitter memories, but also by dread of future horror. Nobody wants to say again the farewells of desperate anguish remembered from 1939-45.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



Page 18

MRS. STOWE: Her book stirred a nation

DURING the American Civil War, a little dark-haired woman with a sharp nose and round shoulders met President Abraham Lincoln at the White House.

"So this," he said, looking down at her, "is the little lady who made this big war?"

She was Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which had not only proved a perfect piece of anti-slavery propaganda, but had raised her from poverty and obscurity to celebrity rank.

In its first year the book sold 305,000 copies. It is still read, and to-day its total sales have reached 2,500,000.

Harriet was 40 when she wrote the book in 1851, and its publication changed her whole life.

Married to an impoverished theological professor, Calvin Stowe, and mother of six living children, Harriet had been a drudge in her home. She looked older than she was.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" brought her money. It introduced her to the pleasant side of life — to Jenny Lind concerts in New York, to great literary figures in America, and eventually to the President himself.

The book naturally brought the penalties as well as the pleasures of celebrity. Southerners bitterly disapproved, and it became dangerous to be seen with a copy in slave-owning States.

Southern children, playing in the streets, chanted:

"Go, go, go,
Of Harriet Beecher Stowe!
We don't want you here
in Virginia—
Go, go, go."

One day Calvin Stowe opened a parcel addressed to his wife.

Inside it was a black human ear, sliced from the head of a recalcitrant slave.

The South's most cogent argument was: "What does Mrs. Stowe know of the South? She has never lived there."

That was true. Harriet was a Northerner. Her one excursion into the South had been a brief visit to Kentucky.

But she had lived in Cincinnati for nearly 18 years, and Cincinnati was just above the Southern border. Harriet during those years had read, heard, and seen for herself, and retained the details in her memory.

Years later Mary Dutton, whose home Harriet had visited in Kentucky, wrote: "Harriet did not seem to notice anything that happened, but sat much of the time as though abstracted in thought. When the negroes did funny things and cut up capers, she did not pay the slightest attention."

"Afterwards, however, in reading 'Uncle Tom,' I recognised scene after scene of that visit portrayed

FAMOUS WOMEN

with the most minute fidelity, and knew at once where the material for that portion of the story had been gathered."

Harriet was born in 1811, the daughter of famous theologian Lyman Beecher and his wife Roxana. Her birthplace was Litchfield, New England. There were six other children. All were brought up in the strictest Puritan fashion.

Lyman Beecher even thought it sinful to celebrate Christmas joyfully, but his natural exuberance provided fun for Harriet and the others. He would go chestnutting with them, take them bob-sledding in the snow, and round the fire at night read them Walter Scott's "Lays of the Last Minstrel."

Roxana Beecher died when Harriet was five, and a year later Lyman married again, but his first family were always resentful of their new mother.

The growing Harriet was turning into a bookworm.

She was a dark slip of a thing, who spent too much time by herself in gloomy soul-searching. When her sister Catherine started a school for girls at Hartford, Harriet became a pupil.

At 16 she helped her sister as a teacher, instructing girls little younger than herself in mathematics and theology.

In her spare time she thought of the hereafter, of her pupils, and

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" helped free America's slaves and made its author's fortune

of romantic Lord Byron, the idol of American girlhood.

In imitation of her idol, she attempted a blank verse poem, "Clon," but Catherine did not approve. So Harriet was forced to put away her poetry, and concentrate on a dreary theological tome.

At 21 life was still the same. Harriet yearned for romance, thinking that soon it would be too late. In those days any girl not married at 20 was almost certain to remain a spinster.

When their father accepted the post of President of Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, the Beecher girls were delighted.

Cincinnati was west, and they went there in a jolting coach over the mountains in the year 1832.

Catherine and Harriet immediately started a school, and Harriet joined the literary "Semi-Colon Club," and won a prize for a short story.

The Beechers regarded Harriet with new eyes, and when she wrote a geography book for the school they were convinced that she had genius.

Harriet made new friends too. The



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

chief ones were Calvin Ellis Stowe, who worked with her father at Lane, and his bride Eliza.

"I fell in love with her immediately," wrote Harriet somewhat gushingly, little realising that she was to be dear Eliza's successor.

Eliza died young and afterwards Calvin and Harriet became even friendlier.

Calvin was academically brilliant, but not personally attractive. Just over 30, he was already going bald. He was timid, rather lazy, but could fascinate people with his store of homely anecdotes. He also liked writing.

After a short engagement they were married in 1836.

In 1837 Harriet gave birth to twin daughters, Harriet and Eliza, and in the next 14 years had five more children. Her days were spent in looking after the house, making frocks for the children, creeping to bed at night too tired ever to think of writing.

But the information that she needed to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was being built up in her mind.

Harriet and Calvin had a young colored girl as a servant, who was really a fugitive from a Southern plantation. Calvin hid the girl from pursuers at a farm owned by John Van Zandt. In the book she wrote about a very similar farmer called old John Van Trompe.

She remembered the dramatic true story of Eliza Harris, a negress, who, trying to escape to Ohio, crossed a river turbulent with grinding ice.

Uncle Tom was an amalgam of several saintly slaves Harriet had known, but the chief resemblance was to the Rev. Josiah Henson, a negro preacher.

When young, Father Henson had been flogged, and his arms were crippled for life, yet, like the fictitious Uncle Tom, he forgave his torturer.

Not realising that all this was preparation for her masterpiece, Harriet, at 30, felt that life was passing her by.

"It appears to me that I am not probably destined for a long life," she wrote. (Harriet lived to 85.) She went on: "My work lies in one

family circle, of which I am called to be the central point."

In 1848 baby Charley was born. That summer cholera struck Cincinnati.

Every day the death toll mounted, and in the first week of July 1001 people were buried.

Calvin was away when cholera struck home.

First the family's little dog Daisy died, then Aunt Frankie, their negro washerwoman, and, immediately after, baby Charley caught it and died within four days.

Harriet miserably mourned her baby, "her beautiful, loving, glad-some boy, her pride and joy."

Blaming Cincinnati for this added misfortune, Harriet was overjoyed when, in 1849, Calvin was offered a post in the East.

In 1850 they went to Brunswick. Harriet was worn out, poor, and expecting another baby.

The people of Brunswick were shocked at her appearance, and they came to her rescue with hospitality and help with the new house.

But even after the baby was born Harriet and Calvin still needed money. So she began a small school, and contributed to a magazine, "The National Era," and gradually a trickle of money came in.

It was a great effort for her, "Nothing but deadly determination enables me ever to write," she told a friend. "It is rowing against wind and tide."

When the Fugitive Slave Act was passed in 1850, indignation and inspiration combined in Harriet to produce genius.

The act, which gave a reward to anyone who turned in a fugitive, stirred up a white-hot anger in Harriet's soul.

Hattie's children remembered how their mother read of this Act in a letter from their aunt.

"Hattie," wrote the aunt, "If I could use a pen as you can, I would write something that will make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is."

Harriet crumpled the letter in her hand, and said determinedly, "I will write something. I will if I live."

It was 1851, on a Sunday morning in February, when inspiration came. Harriet took Holy Communion, and returned to her pew with a vision of a gentle slave being tortured and flogged, and asking for "the Lord's forgiveness for his torturers."

Harriet went straight home, and sitting down in her bedroom, described her vision. But looking at her work she knew that it must be rounded off and made to fit into a whole scheme.

Continued on page 34

At the Captain's Table

AT Manly (Sydney) lives a man who has entertained many of the world's notables.

He has shown the Queen how to steer a ship, allowed his coffee to get cold talking world politics with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, swapped gags with Bob Hope, and offered Mr. Molotov a glass of vodka. (Molotov preferred Scotch.)

Once he slept with the original parchment of Magna Carta under his bed.

He is Sir James Bisset, once commander of Britain's two greatest merchant ships, Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary. When he retired in July, 1947, he and Lady Bisset went for a trip round the world and decided to settle in Australia.

The story of this "prince of navigators" (as Cambridge University called him) is told in story and pictures in A.M. for June, now on sale everywhere.

Price of A.M., the magazine men and women read, is still only 1/-.

By GUS

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 1, 1950



EARLY ARRIVALS for gala performance of George Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan," presented by Sydney University Players at Sydney University, were Rear-Admiral H. A. Showers, R.A.N., Mrs. Showers, and their daughter Barbara. Admiral Showers has recently been appointed Flag-Officer-in-Charge of New South Wales naval establishments.



MARRIED COUPLE. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Keys at Sydney University after Peter graduated with honors in Architecture. Mrs. Keys, who was formerly Miss Eunice Booth, will accompany her husband when he leaves for London to do a postgraduate course.



AT GRAND NATIONAL. Princess Margaret gives radiant smile as Monarch, entered jointly by her mother, the Queen, and sister, Princess Elizabeth, clears last jump in Grand National. Princess Margaret attends with the Queen (left), the King, and the Duchess of Kent (extreme right).

Intimate Pottings

EVEN the lure of the fireside and the crackling logs looks like being beaten when Americans celebrate "Glorious Fourth" next Tuesday night with a grand ball at the Trocadero.

It's a birthday party for the Philippines, too, who celebrate their Independence Day on same date. President of the American Society, Mr. Al Losch, and Mrs. Losch will receive as official guests of honor Philippines Consul Judge Robert Regala and Mrs. Regala.

American and Australian flags will be spotlighted and unfurled during singing of "God Save the King" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Well-known soprano Strella Wilson, who has just received honor of O.B.E., will sing "God Bless America." Strella, by the way, will come in for hearty congratulations from many American friends who have not had opportunity of seeing her personally since honor was conferred.

GRAND occasion, too, when Sydney University Regiment holds Regimental Ball in Union this Friday for first time since war. Commanding Officer, Lieut. Colonel Colin Graie and Mrs. Grace invite as their guests of honor Major-General J. E. S. Stevens and his wife—an eventful day for the Stevens, as ball falls on same day as General Stevens relinquishes his command of 2nd Division A.M.F.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Mr. and Mrs. Hal Porter cut cake at reception at Australia Hotel after marriage at St. Philip's, Church Hill. Before marriage bride was Sybil Phipps, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. M. W. Phipps, of Bateman's Bay. Hal is elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Porter, of Roseville.



CATHEDRAL WEDDING. Ronald Gale and his bride, formerly Ngaire Bispham, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Bispham, of Wellington, New Zealand, leave St. Andrew's Cathedral after their marriage. Ronald is only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Gale, of Gunnedah.

COUNTRY interest in engagements when Helen Payne announces news of engagement to Ken Archibald at party at parents' home at Waverley, Gundy. Helen is youngest daughter of the Stephen Paynes. . . Ruth Douglas and John Gall, of Wilson's Creek, Uralla, also in line for congratulations. Ruth is only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. T. S. Douglas, of Vaucluse, and for many years of Tamworth. John is youngest son of the O. C. Galls, of Kingstown, Uralla. . . Jean Ludowici, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Ludowici, of Wee Waa, announces engagement to Geoffrey Reardon.

BABY daughter for John and Hildegard Bleakley born at the Sanitarium, Wahroonga. Before marriage last year baby's mother was Hildegard Malmgren, of Darling Point, formerly Melbourne. Her mother, Mrs. M. Malmgren, has come over from Melbourne to visit her daughter and make the acquaintance of her new granddaughter, named Anne.

AILEEN and Harry Nowland receive congratulations on arrival of first baby, a daughter, Aileen was formerly Aileen Carrigan, of White Rocks, Muswellbrook.



INTERSTATE INTEREST. Donald Esplin and his bride, formerly Yvonne John, third daughter of Mr. Morgan John, of Mount Morgan, Queensland, and of the late Mrs. John, leave Shore Chapel after marriage. Yvonne's gown of silver lame was made from material bought in Cairo during recent trip abroad.



ART EXHIBIT. At opening of exhibition of his paintings at David Jones' Gallery, artist Raymond Glass explains some of the finer points of his Mexican-inspired work to Mrs. Hal Missingham.



BIRTHDAY cake, specially sent from Melbourne for occasion, and inscribed "Happy Birthday to Mary," is cut by Dame Mary Hughes at birthday party at Parliament House. Party is arranged by Mrs. J. McEwen, wife of Commonwealth Minister for Commerce and Agriculture.

Although a "gal" party, indomitable "Billy" appears, carrying large parcel—a beautiful crocodile handbag for his wife. With few witty remarks when making his presentation "Billy" adds: "The good Lord and the lady herself are the only two who know her age."

VISIT to Sydney for Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Blood when they fly from Nondugl, Central Highlands of New Guinea, for wedding of Mrs. Blood's sister, Winstone Watson, with Dr. T. W. Anderson at St. Anne's Shrine, Bondi. Bride chooses white broderie anglaise gown mounted on tulle and orange blossom coronet. Mrs. Blood is matron of honor.

COMMITTEE members of Palm Beach Ball. Mrs. Bruce McWilliam (left), Mrs. W. J. Barnes, Mrs. K. Wark, and Mrs. Lin Armytage cut out red hearts for lucky number competition which will take place at ball at Prince's this Monday.

ENGAGED. Betty Taylor, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. Taylor, of Kingsford, to Mr. Robert Rhynehart, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Rhynehart, of Bronte.

AFTER wedding at St. Stephen's this Thursday, barrister Paul Toose and Armidale's Margaret Henderson will live in home they have bought at Roseville. Margaret and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle Henderson, formerly of Moore Park, Armidale, have been staying in the town of Armidale pending a move to the new property they have bought in the district. Paul is only son of Mr. Justice Toose, of Roseville.

Anne



MAZDA
ELECTRIC LAMPS
AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

Representative in Australia for The British Thomson-Houston Company Ltd., England

The Little Princesses

Continued from page 13

AND when she came to the place where her father and mother, the King and Queen, stood, she paused for a moment and swept them a beautiful curtsy.

To many of us there, this was the most touching and poignant moment of the service.

There is nothing in the world so attractive as gentleness and good manners. For good manners are a charm that never goes out of fashion, and requires no capital outlay.

God gave to mankind graces three
The best of these is courtesy.

To the wild pealing of the bells, and the cheers of the crowds clustering about the Abbey, we waited for our cars.

I had been invited to the family lunch party at Buckingham Palace, but for a while it looked as if I would never get there. In the end my husband managed to get a police car to give me a lift.

I arrived at the Privy Purse door with just three minutes to spare, and no time to tidy myself or powder my nose.

I had a cherry-red velvet frock, and a large black hat with black ostrich feathers held in place with ruby clips.

It was a gay and merry lunch party. The tables were decorated with smilax and white carnations, and at each of our places there was a little bunch of white heather, sent from Balmoral.

The famous gold plate and scarlet-coated footmen gave a fairy-like atmosphere to it all, and I was in a veritable dream.

The skirl of the bagpipes warbled the hearts of those of us who came from north of the Tweed.

The French gentleman seated next me, however, winced from time to time, but he bore it with fortitude.

There were no long speeches. The King hates them, and has always dreaded having to make one. He was brevity itself.

The bridegroom, another sailor, was just as brief.

Though they had so much on their minds, and so many to claim their attention that day, both the King and Queen came to look for me.

"Well, Crawfie," said the King, "I think she is happy, don't you?"

I told him I had no doubt of it.

He went on to say how much it had meant to them, my being with them all those years, and he looked, as he spoke, wistfully at the radiant Lilibet.

The Queen kissed me. "What a wonderful day it has been, Crawfie," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," I replied. "Though I feel as if I, too, had lost a daughter."

Her Majesty said kindly, "I am sure you do, Crawfie. They grow up and leave us, and we must make the best of it."

From the crowds of famous people there that day, one or two stand out in my mind, apart from Royalty, Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten made a handsome couple.

Princess Juliana looked handsome, too, although she is one of the people the camera is not kind to.

In her photographs, she never looks as handsome as she is.

In real life, she has great charm, that comes from a clear skin and a regal carriage, and a charming naturalness.

She does not always dress to advantage. On this occasion, she wore a magnificent stole with a rose pinned to it.

The stole kept slipping so that the rose often blossomed in the most unlikely places.

Both she and Prince Bernhard are most courteous.

I have always remembered how, on their way from floor to floor in the palace lift, they never dreamed of going on and leaving anyone standing.

Scottish people all love the Dutch Royal Family. At one time, when Princess Juliana was with her mother in Scotland, they spent their holidays like anyone else, bicycling about the countryside.

I always remember Princess Juliana, then quite young, at the Duchess of Kent's wedding when she was a bridesmaid.

She lost a bracelet in the Abbey, which upset her greatly. I helped her to look for it, but I don't believe it was ever found.

George and Gerald Lascelles, two rather solemn young men, Lilibet's cousins, came to look for me after the wedding breakfast. "I expect you are feeling rather sad-to-day, Miss Crawford," George said sympathetically.

At that time, he did not know that he himself was to play a leading part in the next royal wedding, when he married pretty Miss Marion Stein, daughter of an Austrian music publisher.

The younger members of the family and their nannies had a quiet lunch and a nice lie down in another part of the palace, before reappearing to see the bride and bridegroom depart.



BRIDE AND GROOM leave Westminster Abbey in their Royal coach after the ceremony.



LEAVING FOR THEIR HONEYMOON, Princess Elizabeth and her husband drove in an open carriage, showered with rose petals by the wedding guests.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - JULY 1, 1950



THE KING and QUEEN, bridesmaids, and wedding guests gather outside Buckingham Palace to farewell the bridal pair.

Prince William and Prince Michael, I remember, were thoroughly overtired, grew peevish, and almost came to blows.

Shocked nannies enveloped them in those vast white shawls royal nannies always seem to have handy. Like sheltering wings! They were borne off, but not before they had made ceremonious bows to the King and Queen.

In royal circles manners are taught at an early age.

Rain had held off during the day, but with evening it became foggy and cold.

Lights streaming from the palace windows were reflected in the wet forecourt where the open landau with its two horses waited to take the young couple away.

A closed car would have been a great deal more comfortable and convenient, but all through the gathering twilight the vast crowds had been waiting there patiently and they must not be disappointed.

Presently, Lilibet came running down, in her new powder-blue frock and its matching coat. She wore a beret with a feather cockade the same color, and looked so happy.

Hand in hand, she and her husband ran the gauntlet of paper rose leaves.

We chased their carriage as far as the big gates. The Queen picked up her silk skirts and came right up to the railings with us.

For a long time, we could hear the cheers rising and falling as the carriage passed through the crowds that lined the route all the way to Victoria, where fresh crowds packed the station.

It was all over. Suddenly, everything was very quiet. In the big banquet hall, footmen were re-assembling the gold chairs.

Another footman had a small tray laden with lost pieces of jewellery and bracelets, which he took down to the Master of the Household to be claimed.

The big wedding cakes, twelve of them, were taken away to be sent to hospitals.

Only one of them was cut up and posted to relatives and friends. The pieces are packed in larger boxes than are generally used, and have the Royal Coat of Arms emblazoned on them.

The King and Queen went to their own apartments, no doubt glad at last to be quiet after all the excitement.

They did not go out anywhere that night, but remained together at home.

Margaret, still in her bridesmaid's frock, came along presently to my room, where I, too, had been very glad to sit down for a little while and rest.

Margaret looked pale and tired, and I thought a little sad.



CHIEF BRIDESMAID, Princess Margaret, in her beautiful bridesmaid's frock of ivory silk tulle embroidered with applied satin syringa flowers.

"Lilibet's gone!" she said. "Oh, Crawfie, I can't imagine life here without her."

I couldn't imagine life without her either, and there was a lump in my throat. "Never mind," I said, as brightly as I could. "You will be the next."

"Don't be silly, Crawfie," said Margaret with a brisk return of her old spirit. "You know quite well papa and mummy need me to keep them in order. What would they do without me!"

I kissed her and told her to go and rest. There was a party that night for the bridesmaids and ushers. Dinner at a restaurant, then on to a dance somewhere else.

I waited for George to come for me, and we dined quietly in a cafe near Victoria Station.

To be continued



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IN next week's instalment of *The Little Princesses*, Margaret is the lonely little sister, restless and disinclined for schoolwork now that her beloved sister is away on her honeymoon. "Crawfie" deals with the difficulties of a personality of Margaret's brilliance and individuality, conforming to the discretion needed in her position as a public figure. There is gossip about her liking for gay parties and late nights, and her parents decide that she must have two early nights at home every week. Margaret's visit to Holland for the coronation of Juliana is a personal triumph.



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One Good Turn

Continued from page 4

MR. PONTFORT gave a cocktail party for Miss Farrar on the last night of the voyage. Champagne, caviare, no expense spared. Miss Farrar unpacked her violet chiffon with sequins for it.

"I had not intended to get it out during the voyage. I meant to keep it fresh. But this is a very special occasion," said Miss Farrar. "You will give me an arm down afterwards, won't you, my dear? Very little goes to my head."

It looked, thought Sue, as if once you embarked on a good deed it spread and spread. Mr. Paul was going to like Mr. Pontfort a lot more after this trip, and to think a deal more of him.

That last evening was filled, for Sue, with apprehension. She wanted the voyage to be over, now. She wanted to get away before she was found out. Under the stress of adulation and cocktails Miss Farrar might say something...

She needn't have worried. Miss Farrar, even after two White Ladies, was discretion itself. No one could have made a prettier speech, replying to Mr. Pontfort's pretty speech.

"I'd never have thought it of him. It's put him in quite a different light," said Mr. Paul.

A large black limousine came for Miss Farrar. A smart chauffeur collected up her twenty-odd pieces of luggage and gathered her scarves, ruffs, and wrappers together like a bale of hay. As she got in, bowing gracefully, Mr. Pontfort stooped and kissed her hand.

"You must come to lunch. I'll get in touch with you," cried Miss Farrar. And Mr. Pontfort replied from the heart: "Delighted, I'm sure."

The New York dress shows opened. For a while Sue had no more time to think of Miss Farrar. They were immense fun, with everyone so kind, and what seemed to Sue like banquets at every meal. She showed the frocks, walking out along a raised platform among the tables full of lunching matrons.

The days, it seemed to Sue, went by far too fast. She had only a month, and already half of it was gone. Only one bright spot loomed in her mind when she thought of the return voyage that crept closer and closer. Mr. Pontfort would not be on the boat. She would not have minded Mr. Paul.

Miss Farrar appeared quite suddenly, without any warning. At one of the dress shows, there she was, violently waving a programme, while a couple of waiters crawled on all fours around her, rescuing the contents of her handbag.

"Sue... Sue... Come round as soon as you can and join us!"

It was then she saw him. Blue eyes, that looked bluer than they were because of the tan; wide shoulders, narrow hips; his height an inch or so above anyone else around. True, his hair was fair, and it didn't make any effort to curl, but what is a little thing like that?

He was watching for her coming, and their eyes met over the perching and towering and nestling hats of the lunching matrons. He held out his hand and said:

"Hullo."

Marylou was there, slender and pretty and very gay, and Miss Farrar talked incessantly in her bright vague fashion.

"You must come for the week-end, Sue, dear. It's all arranged. Christopher here is staying with us, too. Christopher is one of our countrymen. He is going back to England on the same ship as you. Won't that be nice?"

(Oh, won't that be nice! They avoided each other's eyes, embarrassed for the moment by how nice it would be. After all, you don't need to let the whole world know when this is your day of days.)

The Fabians' home had everything. A swimming pool, a dance floor, a row of stables, with golden

horses airing their heads over half doors.

"I think I ought to break it to you, Sue, that I am a plain man. All this is a little above my station," said Christopher. "I feel we two ought to understand each other. I am an austerity model. I have to be in an office by ten."

Sue said she was an austerity model, too.

"You know, it's a funny thing," she said, "how one gets used to it, and in the end almost comes to prefer it. When I got on board and saw that white bread, it tasted downright queer to me. And all that food made me feel quite bothered and dizzy. In the end I just chose Irish stew."

They rode. They swam. They went to the races.

I might have missed it all, Sue thought. So easily. If I hadn't thought about giving a break to Miss Farrar... Then it was that she remembered Mr. Pontfort.

"Oh, my dear. It was most unfortunate," cried Miss Farrar. "He was coming here to lunch, you know. It was all fixed. There were fried oysters, and all sorts of delicious things for him, and we sent Chris in to meet him, thinking he'd like to see a fellow countryman. And it seems they had got about half-way here, when a most extraordinary thing happened. Mr. Pontfort suddenly remembered an appointment, a very, very important appointment."

"With a crowned head?" asked Sue.

"I believe Chris said he did indicate something of the sort. Anyhow, he hopped out and presumably took the train back, unless he hired a car. And do you believe it, we have never heard of him from that day to this," beamed Miss Farrar, with the air of one who has just performed a satisfactory conjuring trick.

SUE and Christopher were sitting side by side by the pool in the sun, alone together, when she remembered to ask him about Mr. Pontfort.

"Do you mean that fat fellow I was sent to meet, the one who looked a bit like a Berkshire Middle White pig?" (That was only one of the lovely things. He saw the same silly things the way she saw them.)

"Yes, I remember. It was a most curious affair. He was immensely affable at first, chatted about all the famous people he was friendly with, and gradually he worked the conversation round to Miss Farrar and asked me if I had known her for long. So I said I had. The Fabians, I told him, were cousins of mine, and when I stayed with them as a boy Miss Farrar used to give the lessons along with them."

"He seemed surprised when I told him she had been their governess for twenty years. And shortly after that, I don't know what happened. Maybe he just felt car-sick and did not like to say so, for he stopped and said he must go straight back as he had a very important interview he had forgotten."

Sue gulped. She began to laugh. "Yes. It was certainly funny," said Christopher. "We couldn't make head or tail of it."

Sue said: "I can. He was such a terrible snob, and he was so rich, and I did so want Miss Farrar to have a wonderful time. So I got him alone on the upper deck one morning, and I told him she was travelling incognito. I told him she was really the Hon. Horatia Farrar, and a lady-in-waiting to Queen Mary."

Christopher's response to this remarkable announcement was, in Sue's opinion, eminently satisfactory.

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Slay
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HAZEL



"I'd like to have in pounds and shillings what we throw out in garbage."

BUTCH



"Could I have th' cart back? Ma is going to be angry if she can't find it to go shoppin' to-morra."

It seems to me . . .

SOME more correspondence this week on the subject of the portrait which adorns this column.

One letter, in verse, from Gerda Readman, says in part:

"Each new photo
Has somehow got to
Look less in years
Than one that appears
In older issues . . ."

To which I can only reply that it is wonderful what studio lights will do when placed strategically by a skilled hand. I am thinking of applying for patent of an invention of a new type of hat. Cunningly concealed in the large brim are small electric torch bulbs.

These are arranged so as to slide on a wire, and are controlled by a magnetic compass concealed in the crown. As the head turns to north, south, east, and west, so the lights shift to the most flattering positions.

Perhaps the bulbs could be pink. I used to go to a hairdresser who had pink curtains. It was lovely, except on windy days when gusts, blowing the curtains aside, used to reveal one's mirrored complexion in all its stark truth.

WHICH reminds me, talking of years and the passing thereof, an interview with a psychiatrist on page 28 of this issue mentions fear of age as one of the commonest modern mental problems.

You know how it is when the maturer girls get together: "Oh, you've hardly got any grey hairs. Look at mine." "Why, I simply can't see any in yours. But I'm always pulling mine out."

So we delude ourselves and each other. But the most telling signs of the years piling up don't lie in appearance so much as outlook.

And unhappily I have to confess that there is one of these signs that I feel I shall succumb to at any minute. It is the view held among many elderly people that the weather isn't what it used to be.

Only by great self-control have I been prevented until now from voicing the opinion that Sydney's rain this summer and winter is something that never happened before. But now, with a flat full of damp washing and a deal car turned to any contradictory statistics you may dig up, let me give in and say that in the good old days it wasn't wet like this.

A young outlook isn't worth the effort. Let us grow old about the weather and grow old gracefully.

LATELY there has been a move in New South Wales to get people to destroy prickly pear plants which they have been growing in their cactus gardens.

It is said to be difficult to tell some small harmless cacti from prickly pear, but the astonishing thing to me is that people should happily grow any plant which could be pear.

It must be a very comfort to the prickly pear destruction authorities that the campaigns which began nearly 30 years ago have been so successful. A generation has grown up which isn't aware that once the pear threatened to spread over the continent.

Anyone who remembers the years when hundreds of square miles of good grazing country were turned into solid seas of the yellow-flowered pear can never see a plant without itching to throw it on a fire.

That generation would be as likely to regard a bombed city as a pretty sight as to see any decorative value in pear plants.

By



Dorothy Drain

THERE will be general satisfaction at the Federal Government's decision to grant special cars to ex-servicemen who have lost both legs or are paralysed from the waist down.

Agitation for the provision of these special cars, adjusted so that they can be driven by the disabled, has been in train for a long time.

The Minister for Repatriation, Senator Cooper, said that the scheme might be extended to ex-servicemen who, through war causes, "were unable to use, had difficulty in using, or who would be endangered by using ordinary public transport."

That extension of the scheme would be welcomed too. Public transport has reached the stage where it will soon be usable only by the perfectly fit.

There is a regrettable tendency on the part of transport authorities to consider transport from its cubic content rather than its seating capacity.

In Sydney particularly it is now so jammed that only the most athletic and pugnacious are assured of seats.

Problems of travel at peak hours must make working in the city impossible for the infirm and partly incapacitated.

Not only does this waste manpower but it must condemn to inactive lives many people who otherwise might be able to bring some enjoyment and stimulation from being working members of the community.

ONE of the little extra burdens on the budget nowadays is the additional cost—2d. or 3d.—of cardboard boxes for cakes.

A cross customer points out that many cake shops add insult to injury in that the box is usually inscribed with the name of the cake shop, which thus gains a walking advertisement with each buyer. Paper packets, still free, are usually anonymous.

Irked by this unfair system, she now takes her own tin with her in a string bag when she goes cake-shopping. She says it may look a little eccentric, but it's her personal endeavor to put value back into the pound-cake.

TENNIS star "Gorgeous Gussie" Moran, whose lace-trimmed panties caused a sensation at Wimbledon last year, has a new outfit this year of pleated dress and "puff panties."

Some people
Take rather a poor view
Of Gorgeous Gussie and her pants.
Tennis, they say grimly,
Is tennis.

Tennis is real, tennis is earnest,
And leg-shots in the press are not its goal,
They may be right
Or if they're not

At any rate in these days of diminishing free speech
Let us accord them the right to their opinions.

But for myself,

I like Gussie,
I like the hussy,
I don't care whether she takes the spectators' minds
off a snappy volley.
I think she's one of those happy exhibitionist creatures
that make the world less drab and a
lot more jolly.

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STEVE HARGIS

frowned. "No accident 'just happens,'" he said sharply. "There is always a factor of blame—a human factor. There's got to be an explanation for these accidents. Do you have one?"

Mack shook his head, slowly. "No. But I wish I did."

He saw Hargis and Frye exchange looks. Bill Larson's face held a bleak, impatient expression. Mack thought, Bill knows how a foreman feels; he's ramrodded crews himself, and he knows.

Steve Hargis rose. "That's all, Mack. Thanks for coming in."

Bill walked with him to the elevator, silent until they reached the end of the hall, then he said gruffly, "I've got a rebuild job for you in Farmside, Mack. You can start Monday."

"Whatever you say."

"Don't give up on the tower job, I'll start McGuire on the brush clearing and right-of-way work. Maybe I can pull you in later to put up the towers and string the wire."

"I won't count on it."

Bill looked at him. "Don't be too hard on him, Mack. He's just trying to do his job. But there are some things he can't understand. Maybe someday he'll learn."

When he got home, Martha was in the kitchen. He got a bottle of beer out of the refrigerator and sat down at the table to drink it, feeling exhausted and older than his years. He only half listened as his wife told him the happenings of the day. Slim Conners' wife had been in and told Martha of her plans to send her son to engineering college in the autumn.

"It seems a shame," Martha said, "that Slim couldn't afford to send Larry to college on what he was making while he was living. But now the insurance money will pay for it."

"Yes," Mack said, but as he stared out the window he was thinking not of Slim's son, but of Slim. A careful, steady man if ever there had been one. Yet he was dead now, and, if Steve Hargis were right, someone was to blame.

Martha came to the table and sat down opposite him, her eyes troubled

Danger, High Tension

Continued from page 3

as she wiped her hands on her apron.

"What's wrong, Mack?" "McGuire is starting the tower job Monday."

"What about you?" "They're sending me out to Farmside."

"They're blaming you for what happened to Slim, aren't they?" There was a quiet, hopeless indignation in Martha's voice. "They're taking the tower job away from you because of it."

"Slim was the third man in five years, Martha. They haven't forgotten Jeff Sanders and Glenn Rourke."

"But you treated those men like they were your own sons. No one could have looked after them any better than you. How can they think of blaming you for what happened?"

MACK stopped her with a slight gesture of his hand. "Please, Martha. Let's let it ride. I'm going to Farmside, and that's that."

"Well, you're not going alone. I'm going with you."

"No," he said sharply. "I'm going. I don't want you to keep on brooding about Slim."

"No," he repeated, his voice gentle but final. "That's just what I've got to do."

Supper was over and the warm dusk falling when he slipped quietly out of the house and went into the garage. Turning on the light, he pulled a heavy wooden box out from under the work-bench and rummaged briefly through it until he found the climbing tools he had worn back in the days before he had been given a crew of his own.

With a piece of steel wool he rubbed the rust off the climbing irons, tested the points of the gaffs and sharpened them with a file. Inch by inch he went over the leather of the broad, heavy tool belt, and was pleased to find that the preserving oil he had taken the care to rub into it from time to time had kept the leather in good condition.

He heard a step at the door and

turned to see Martha standing there, staring at the climbing tools. Her voice was sharp. "What do you think you're going to do with those?"

"Shorty Thompson's talking of buying a new set of tools," he said uneasily. "I thought I might sell him mine."

"You're going to start climbing again, aren't you? Is it Bill's idea or your own?"

After thirty years of marriage, a man should know he can't lie to his wife. "Mine."

"Why?" "I've got to find out something, Martha. This is the only way."

It was strange, he thought as he climbed heavily up the creosote-coating pole in the searing heat, how the mind forgot, but a man's muscles remembered a skill once learned. His mind had forgotten how to drive a gaff home in the hard wood, how to keep the knees away from the pole so that the hooks would not kick out, but his legs remembered.

They knew how deep to thrust the steel; they knew the difference between a solid hold and one that would splinter away.

The men in the crew thought it strange that he should be climbing again, of course, but he let them believe he would remain in hooks only until a satisfactory replacement could be found for Slim Conners.

And the truth was that with Slim gone Pete Fuller was the only line-man qualified to handle all kinds of hot-line and substation work. True, Shorty Thompson had recently been promoted from second to first class line-man, but Mack believed in bringing a man along slowly.

The first time Mack climbed a pole he tried to make a joke of it. He waited until there was a fleckish hot tap to be made on a twenty-two-thousand-volt switch pole, then he donned his tools, lumbered across the road and said to Pete Fuller, who was preparing to climb, "Let the old man take this one."

While he worked, one part of his mind stayed cold and detached, removed from himself as it watched what he did.

PERHAPS

there were easier ways to find out why linemen made mistakes. But this was the only way he knew. So he worked and waited, ignoring the torture of muscles grown too old and soft for the kind of punishment he was giving them.

His room in the small-town boarding-house was hot, and each night he lay, perspiring, into the small hours of the morning before sleep would come. Images danced in his mind then.

Glenn Rourke's young, laughing eyes reflecting the glare of the truck spotlight on a bitter winter night as he stood poised to climb an ice-sheathed pole, shouting to him over the whine of the wind, "Going to get married next week, Mack! Then you'll have a hard time getting me out at one o'clock in the morning to pick up your wire!"

He had gone suzing up the pole. And two minutes later he was dead. A misstep somewhere up in the storm, a chance foolishly taken—no one had ever known what had caused the fall. Mack twisted about on the sweat-soaked sheets. He had to find out.

Another image. Jeff Sanders standing at the line-truck water cooler on a hot August day, his sweatglistening face worried as he said, "The wife has got to have an operation. The doc told her yesterday. Hanged if I know where the money's coming from."

Ten minutes later, Mack helped lower his lifeless body from the pole where his bare elbow had brushed the four-thousand-volt wire.

Night after long night the images returned, tormenting him until at last he dropped off into fitful sleep.

A terrific thunder-and-lightning storm broke the heat and for a while the crew was so busy repairing storm damage that he had no time to think of anything else.

One of the big transformers in the Farmside substation had been knocked out of service by a freak lightning bolt and the crew worked all one morning changing the station high-voltage wiring so that the two transformers which were still in working order could carry the load.

Please turn to page 25

Only KOLYNOS Fights— Tooth Decay these 3 ways...

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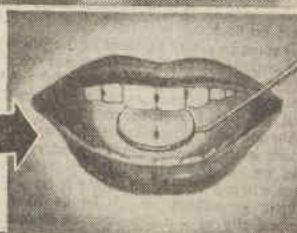
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AT noon Bill Larson phoned. "Reclamation is sending O'Dea up to-morrow to look over the damage," he said. "He's bringing a manufacturer's man with him. The manufacturer wants to make sure the transformer wasn't defective. What's the story?"

"Lightning would be my guess," Mack said.

"Funny the arresters didn't handle it."

"Lightning does funny things."

"Well, the boys will be up for a look, anyhow. And Mack, Steve Hargis will be along. He has the notion that any equipment failure is as much his business as it is reclamation's."

Mack was still brooding about that when the crew went back to work after lunch. Maybe the heat was partly to blame, but an unreasonably intense irritation came to him every time he thought of Hargis, and he found his thoughts more upon him than upon the job at hand.

Just before quitting time, he was on a pole two spans away from the substation with Pete Fuller, changing out a chipped insulator in a hot thirteen-thousand-volt line, his body drained of energy, his mind wishing the day were over.

Together, he and Pete caught the wire on their sticks as the man at the ground end of the rope let it slowly ease in towards the pole. Gently they lifted it until it rested in the groove atop the new porcelain insulator.

"You hold and I'll tie," Mack said.

Pete's stick held the wire firmly in place as Mack laid his own stick across his belt and shifted his position to get a better angle from which to make the tie. The move brought the dead transformer in the station into his line of vision and suddenly the angry thought came to him, what does Hargis know about transformers?

"Mack! Look out!" Pete's warning struck him like a dash of cold water. He froze, staring at his hands, which were less than a foot away from the bare copper wire above him, while the hot-stick lay forgotten across his belt.

Danger, High Tension

Continued from page 24

Pete's face was chalky white. "Mack, what were you thinking about? You were going to make that tie with your bare hands!"

"Yes," he said slowly, and his voice was a stranger's. "I guess I was."

When the job was done, Pete rode into town with him, Mack driving in preoccupied silence, Pete scowling out the window. Mack stopped the pickup at the trailer camp where Pete and his family were staying, but the lineman did not get out. Mack rubbed the steering-wheel with a sweaty hand.

"Go ahead and say it, Pete."

"You got no business up in the

air, Mack. You know that, don't you?"

"I had to find out something. I've got the answer now."

Yes, he had the answer, he thought as he drove to the boarding-house. But what he had learned was not a thing that could be explained in words to a man like Steve Hargis; it could be acquired only by personal experience. Well, at least he knew.

He had to hold the line track ten minutes past time to go to work the next morning because Pete Fuller was late.

RIVETS



FULLER tossed his lunch bucket into the truck. "Sorry," he said, "but I was up most of the night with the kid. Kind of a fever, and he can't keep anything down. Don't amount to nothin', I guess, but I told the wife she'd better take him to the doc for a check-up this morning."

Mack knew from the set of the lineman's lips that he was worried, but it was not until they had driven out to the job and he saw the way Pete's hands fumbled as he donned his climbing tools that he realised how deeply the man was disturbed. Mack tried to pull him out of it.

"It's probably just summer colic. Kids that age get it every year. I know; I raised four of 'em."

Pete looked up. "Yeah. But the thing I keep thinkin' about is polio. Lots of it around this year."

"Want to take the day off?"

"You're short-handed as it is. Reckon I'm better off workin'."

The crew finished its work on the line outside the substation shortly after ten o'clock and had moved inside the enclosure to make a hot tap on the four-thousand-volt town circuit when the reclamation car drove up. While O'Dea and the manufacturer's man were raising a ladder so they could climb up and inspect the dead transformer, Steve Hargis came over, nodded coldly to Mack and stood watching as the foreman explained to Pete Fuller what he wanted done upstairs.

The lineman was halfway up the ladder when Mack suddenly called, "Pete, come down!"

"What?"

"I said come down. Now." Scowling, Pete climbed down. Mack said gently, "Take off your tools and call it a day. You can borrow my pickup and stay with the kid until you find out for sure that he's going to be all right."

"Mack, I—"

"Go on. You're in no shape to work."

When he had gone, Mack's eyes briefly surveyed the crew, settling at last on Shorty Thompson. An easy-going, slow-moving man, Shorty, without a worry on his mind.

"It's yours, Shorty."

"Sure, Mack."

Please turn to page 27



SUSAN HAYWARD, star of Samuel Goldwyn's "My Foolish Heart" doesn't diet, or exercise; her restless twin boys keep her to a slim 110 lbs. She doesn't fuss about expensive glamour treatments. In her own words: "I never miss my daily active-lather facial with fragrant Lux Toilet Soap." Lux Toilet Soap is used in a big bath size. Buy it today.

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They used to call me
"CRY BABY"
...but I'm a good girl now!

THOSE BAD COLDS of mine used to make me cough and sneeze something awful! I couldn't sleep either. And cry? Of course I cried! Especially when they made me swallow some bad-tasting medicine that only made me feel worse ...!



BUT ONE DAY dear Grandma came to my rescue. "Look," she said to Mummy, "Isn't it time you tried Vicks VapoRub? Children love it, you know. And Vicks VapoRub ends colds faster. I thought every young mother knew that!"



SO MOTHER RUBBED Vicks VapoRub on my chest, throat and back at bedtime. My, it felt good! Right then and there I started to feel better, with those wonderful vapours clearing my nose, and that lovely warm feeling in my chest.



NEXT MORNING, after a sound sleep, I woke up feeling fine. I could hear Mom say to Dad: "Look, Jim, our little cry-baby looks like a smile-baby now! And next time any one of us catches a cold, we'll know just what to do!"

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Cashmere Bouquet



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WORTH Reporting

ABOUT a million used stamps a year are rescued for re-sale by members of the Women of the University Fund in Melbourne. By this means they have already raised £300 this year for the overseas Save the Children Fund.

"The demand for stamps, especially the rarer types, is greater than the supply," says the honorary secretary of the Fund, Mrs. A. A. Rosenblum.

Friends of Fund members, well wishers, and hundreds of big firms send in stamps to Fund headquarters at the Mews in Government House grounds in St. Kilda Road.

Stamps are classified into two categories, ordinary and rare varieties, by a team of sorters. Ordinary stamps are left on envelopes and sold by weight at 5/- a pound.

Rare varieties are taken to their homes by six "soakers," who put the envelopes into cold water and carefully slide off the precious stamps so they won't be damaged.

They are then returned to Mrs. Rosenblum, whose husband does the selling. Mr. Rosenblum is a noted philatelist and a recognised authority on Commonwealth stamps, getting orders from all over the world.

This is an especially interesting year for Australian philatelists. To celebrate the 100th anniversary of the first Australian stamp issue in New South Wales and Victoria, a Stamp Exhibition will be held in the Melbourne Town Hall in October.

NEATEST trick. Terrified of handling tarantulas, yet unable to bear one in the room, a girl we heard about obviates the resulting stalemate by holding the tube of her vacuum-cleaner over the tarantula. When it is sucked in, she reverses the suction and blows the creature into the kitchen tidy which she empties into the incinerator.

They carry your parcels and look glamorous

STRING bags have had it. We've been noticing more and more smart shoppers carrying wicker baskets of late, and fewer and fewer with string bags.

"Yes," said the salesgirl whose opinion we canvassed in the novelty department of a city store (not that string bags are any novelty to most women), "all the demand now is for shopping baskets. We are selling only a trickle of string bags."

"The great selling point with baskets," she went on, "is that they don't make the carrier look dowdy. Even the most smartly dressed women and girls carry them. Some of the new baskets are so smart that you even see women taking them to luncheon parties."

That's certainly a point. We can't say we ever saw a string bag willingly carried on smart occasions.



"Tell me, have you seen many Reds going underground?"

BEING incorrigible wishful-thinkers we sometimes visit the Teenage Dress Department of a city store, though being neither a teen nor an SSW we usually buy our dresses in a cosy W size in the W department. It pleased us when we noticed on our last visit that of 10 people snooping around a rack of delectable little velvet dresses not one was a teenager.

Cartier ring model can't buy gloves

WE were very conscious of our typewriter-chipped fingernails when Miss Marguerite Beaumont, said to possess the most beautiful hands in Europe, came to call at our office.

Miss Beaumont is glamorous enough to look at even without reference to her hands. Of Rumanian-British birth, she has a slim figure, perfect olive complexion, and delicate dark eyebrows which are on different levels.

While working in the Visa Section of the Foreign Office in Berlin, Miss Beaumont found time to model rings for famous jeweller Cartier.

Because her hands are so sun-tanned that she always modelled light jewellery, emeralds, smoky topaz, and amethysts.

"My hands are very long," explained Miss Beaumont, "so the rings I wore had to be large. The most beautiful one I remember was made like a bunch of grapes, with an emerald mid centre."

She had photographs taken when wearing long black gloves, with the ring worn outside. Another favorite pose of photographers was a hand touching the brim of an enormous black velvet hat.

"I always must have my gloves made, or go without," explained Miss Beaumont. "I could never get into a seven-and-a-half."

Miss Beaumont hopes to establish herself as a dress designer.

Beer and skittles for modern customers

AN innkeeper with a flair for local history is 36-year-old Frank J. Nicholls, of Truro, South Australia. In 1946 he took over the Crown Inn in this small town in the Barossa Valley. It had been a staging depot in the old coaching days for travellers between Adelaide and the River Murray towns, and is still on the stock route.

When it recently celebrated its one-hundredth year as a licensed house Mr. Nicholls gave a party. On tables on the front verandah he served an old-fashioned lunch of metwurst, pork, celery, lettuce, cheese, rolls, plus beer and wine, the fare traditionally served to old-time travellers.

Sixty miles north of Adelaide, Truro was early settled by Germans. Quite a number of locals still speak German at home and at the market, although only English has been taught in the schools since World War I.

Mr. Nicholls claims that from their speech he can always determine whether the locals are first, second, third, or fourth generation people. "In fact, I would recognise anyone born and bred in this district anywhere, by the intonation of their voices," he said. "They don't move far—they may go from one town in the Valley to another, but few go farther afield than that. They are industrious people and real settlers."

The old Crown Inn stables are still across the way, and attached is a skittle-alley. Hotels in coaching days kept open until 11 o'clock, and quite a few of the old men of the district remember their fathers, with jugs of beer in hand, wandering across to play skittles with their friends by candlelight.

Following the ancient English tradition of having a distinctive swinging sign outside an inn for the convenience of those unable to read, Mr. Nicholls has hung a two-sided board showing a crown outside his historic Truro hotel.

Children and paint banish sadness

THE oldest workhouse in London has been turned into a modern "hotel" for children. Nearly 150 years ago the "Norwood House of Industry" housed 460 aged, sick, and very young who had been sent there from workhouses.

Now the L.C.C. has renamed it "Wood Vale" and turned it into a temporary home for 280 children, aged from five to fifteen, whose mothers are unable to look after them for a time, for reasons of illness, confinements, or overcrowded homes. It is the latest of 36 homes spread through England, housing some 9000 children in similar plight.

At "Wood Vale" every staircase is painted in different pastel shades—lemon and dove-grey, apricot-green and cream, light blue and cream. Children's dormitories are separated for age groups, but families are kept together.

Partitions divide up huge dormitories, so that rows of beds do not give a hospital or institution look. Girls of 14 to 15 have their own separate cubicles, dressing-tables, and chests-of-drawers.

Long bare trestle-tables are out. Instead there are small tables, restaurant style, with gay check cloths and multicolored plastic water beakers.

A school run by a headmaster and seven teachers is on the premises. Some children, inspired by the cleanliness and brightness of "Wood Vale," have been known later to attempt work with a paint brush in their own homes.



"And do you know why you didn't notice her thick ankles? Because she was clever enough to wear a low neckline, that's why!"

A SMALL boy went up to the counter of a Glenelg (S.A.) greengrocer. "A piece of watermelon, please," he asked. The shopkeeper popped one of the pieces on the scales and said, "That will be fivepence."

"But I've only got threepence," the little boy answered. "Could you take out the pips and weigh it again?" he suggested.

He got the watermelon.

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Danger, High Tension

Continued from page 25

STEVE HARGIS

had stood by in silence until now, but he suddenly said sharply, "Is that man qualified for hot work?"

"He got his first-class rating a month ago."

"You said Pete Fuller wasn't in shape to work. Why isn't he? He looked all right to me."

"Suppose you take care of your job and let me take care of mine," Mack snapped. He turned to Shorty. "Go ahead."

Critically, Hargis watched every move the linemen made. From habit, Mack watched, too, though he knew there was no need for it. When the job was done, he turned to Hargis.

"Okay?"

The engineer turned and walked away without answering.

Mack moved to the other side of the substation, lit a cigarette and watched O'Dea and the manufacturer's man climb to the top of the dead transformer.

After they had conferred there for a time, Hargis called from the ground. "Mind if I have a look?"

"Come on up."

Hargis paused, turning to Mack. "It's all right, isn't it?"

The three transformers were set several feet apart, the dead one at the far end of the row. Above the insulator bushings the thick bare

wire of the sixty-six thousand-volt leads cleared the ladder by a reasonably safe margin. Mack nodded.

"Go ahead, but remember those other two pots are hot."

He watched Hargis climb carefully up the ladder and join the two men above. He heard them discussing the factors which might have contributed to the equipment failure.

He saw Hargis shake his head. "You fellows know your business. But it seems to me that there are only two possibilities: either the transformer was defective or the station lightning arresters failed to handle the surge. Let's look at the arresters."

O'Dea agreed. Hargis was first to start down the ladder. Mack did not know just what it was that made him watch the safety engineer so closely.

But the frowning, preoccupied expression on his face set off a sharp warning bell inside Mack's mind, like the electrical contacts of an alarm switch closing.

"Steve," he said in a low, very quiet voice, pitched to arrest, but not to startle.

With his left hand in mid-air, Hargis paused, looking down. "Yes?"

"Pull in your hand, Steve," Mack said, his voice made deadly flat by the terrible fear that Hargis would straighten up, would fling his arm around in panic when he realised his danger. "Put it on the ladder."

Like a puppet manipulated by strings, Hargis obeyed. Then he stiffly turned his head and stared in the direction in which his hand had been groping for support, and he went pale as he saw the thick copper wire rising from a bushing of the adjoining transformer.

"That isn't a handrail," Mack said quietly. "That lead is carrying sixty-six thousand volts."

Stiffly, slowly, Hargis came down the ladder. He was trembling so when he reached the ground that he could not stand.

"Why did I do that?"

"What were you thinking about?"

"I don't know."

"Yes, you do," Mack said gently. "You were thinking about the lightning arresters. Your mind was miles away from what you were doing."

Hargis' voice was barely audible. "I'm afraid it was."

"That's the answer to the question you asked me the other day. That's why men have accidents. They get to thinking about something miles away from what they're doing—they just plain forget where they are."

"That's how it was with Slim Connors?"

"He was worried about raising money to send his son to college."

"Jeff Sanders?"

"He was in a stew because his wife had to have an operation."

"Glenn Rourke?"

"I reckon poor Glenn had his mind too much on getting married."

Hargis nodded, understanding beginning to dawn in his eyes. "It would be too much to ask of any foreman to know what was going through his men's minds. But you read mine in time to save my life. And I assume you had a good reason for insisting that Pete Fuller take the day off."

"Pete's got a sick kid. He goes kind of haywire when the kid is off his feed."

Hargis lifted his gaze to the network of wires above, and Mack knew what he was thinking. The invisible current surging through those wires made no sound, gave no warning, but it was always there.

"I know," Mack said softly. "But that's the way it is."

Bill Larson phoned two evenings later. Because he was on a company wire which might be open anywhere along the line, he spoke guardedly, but Mack had no

trouble understanding what his words meant.

"The situation has changed, Mack," he said. "Cathaban is on his way to Farnside to take over the rebuild. I want you on the tower job."

"Whatever you say, Bill."

There was a pause. Then Bill grunted. "What did you do to him, get him drunk?"

"Didn't he tell you?"

"All he did was mumble something about misjudging you and that you'd taught him more about preventing accidents than he'd learned in years. He acted pretty ashamed of himself."

"He's a good man, Bill. Conscientious."

"You still won't tell me what you did to him?"

"There's nothing to tell."

The quiet smile of satisfaction slowly faded from Mack's face as he replaced the receiver. He did not deny that he was pleased. He liked steel. But it was tricky stuff. Anything could happen when men were working a hundred feet up, and the weight of responsibility for their safety was no light burden on a foreman's shoulders.

But he had learned a thing that had saved one man's life. If he kept his eyes open, if he kept his mind fastened on the job at hand, if he watched the little things that could so easily add up to big things, that knowledge might save another. That was the best a man could hope for.

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Most mental illnesses can now be cured

By PATRICIA GIFFNEY,
staff reporter

The world is no madder to-day than it has ever been. Of this there is statistical and historical proof, according to eminent American psychiatrist Dr. Daniel Blain, now visiting Australia.

In spite of two world wars within a generation, atom and hydrogen bomb threats, political persecutions and upheavals, and the dangers and strain of modern living, man's mental balance remains much the same, he says.

THE ratio of mental illnesses has been static for the past hundred years, indicating that as many people lost their sanity in the security of the Victorian era's spacious homes as in the pandemonium of to-day's overcrowded flats.

"Even among ex-servicemen who have faced the horrors of modern warfare the incidence is no higher than that of the civil population—that is one-third of one per cent. of the population," Dr. Blain continued.

Visiting Australia as the guest of the Repatriation Commission and attending the recent Medical Conference in Brisbane, Dr. Blain has found that the ratio of insanity in Australia is the same as that in the United States.

"These statistics, of course," Dr. Blain explained, "deal with certified mental illnesses, but even the everyday anxiety neuroses are probably no greater than they were in calmer days."

"What about 'nervous breakdowns'?" I asked, thinking of the alarming frequency with which I have heard of this condition in recent years.

"In the past they had fainting fits or hysteria—it was just the same," the doctor told me.

"In fact," he added, "judging by the Greek derivation of 'hysteria,' the ancients had a word for it."

Incidentally, he is not unsympathetic toward these minor mental distresses.

"Nervous breakdown must neither be pampered nor condemned," he said. "Some people are just immature and essentially weak, and in times of stress give in, in spite of their better nature."

The encouraging picture of the world's mental stability is made even brighter by the fact that Dr. Blain is sure that never before in the world's history have there been such opportunities for the treatment of mental illness.

"Nowadays, with the exception of the infectious illnesses of youth, a person suffering from a mental complaint stands a better chance of cure than with any other disease," he said.

"In the majority of cases, advanced T.B., heart diseases, cancer, diabetes, arterio-sclerosis are incurable, but most mental conditions can be cured."

As a good psychiatrist, Dr. Blain is as much concerned with the prevention as with the cure of mental ills.

He believes that many conditions can be forestalled and the world made a happier place if people can be brought to realise the full meaning of a healthy personality.

"Health," he says, "is the complete realization of physical, spiritual, mental, and social well-being, not the absence of infirmity."

"How," I asked him, "do you suggest that such a realisation could be given?"

"It must," he said, "first of all be given to children, and it is the duty of the parents and teachers to see that it is given."

"Also"—this came as a surprise from the serious, somewhat dour, scholar—"I think that mental hygiene could be taught to the young through comics."

"Comics have become a definite feature of our modern life and can be adapted and used to good purpose, as already, in many cases, they are being used."

Here, with a touch of pride, he illustrated his contention with the story of his own 12-year-old son, who recently came top in literature three grades ahead of his own age group.

His teacher came to Dr. Blain and asked where he had acquired his wide knowledge.

"I can't think," the doctor answered, "unless it's from the comics he's always reading."

"That's what he told me," said the teacher, "but I couldn't believe it."

"If literature can be taught through comics, many other things about living can be taught in the same way," said Dr. Blain.

Although he is emphatic about the need of mental training for youth, Dr. Blain still holds out hope of



DR. DANIEL BLAIN, medical director of the American Psychiatric Association, who visited Australia as guest of the Repatriation Commission.

dyes are sold to men than to women, because there are no jobs available to anyone with white hair.

"Apart from this attitude creating a large body of people with nothing to do, it engenders a fear complex in those who dread the onset of age."

Everybody, Dr. Blain believes, must be educated to face the common lot of age.

They should develop new interests, have broad views about the oncoming generation, learn not to be dependent on any one thing.

Alcoholism is another condition which Dr. Blain says can be treated only by the removal of the sense of inferiority and loss of self-respect which is the common factor in all alcoholics.

"There is no miracle drug for alcoholism," he said. "Those which are efficacious are so, only with people who want to quit anyway."

"Drugs must be backed up by social regeneration, management of affairs, spiritual help, and family encouragement. There may be a miracle cure."

A modern trend which Dr. Blain views with alarm is the dependence on drugs, particularly mild pain killers and sleeping sedatives.

"These are in great vogue now, and people seem to want a pill for everything under the sun," he said.

"But from this habit can come many toxic psychoses (the result of chemical changes caused by too prolonged use of some drugs) which it will take more than a pill to cure."

As Medical Director of the American Psychiatric Association, which has a membership of 6000 doctors, including Canadians and three Australians, Dr. Blain seems to justify his theories on mental well-being.

Tall and well-built, in middle age, he has piercing eyes and an imperious manner.

His home is in Washington, D.C., and he says that his marriage is ideal. His wife is primarily a homemaker, and, though they have many interests in common, psychiatry is not one of them.

She does not enter into this part of his life at all, so that when he comes home he forgets about it.

He agrees it is a subject which is better forgotten at home.

U.S. psychiatrist suggests comics could be used as a means of training young minds

mental well-being for those who are already affected by the emotional problems of living.

"Every age—childhood, adolescence, maturity, climacteric, and senility—has its specific problems," he said. "From faulty adjustment to these personal problems come the social troubles of juvenile court actions, delinquency, crime, alcoholism, divorce, labor unrest, and accidents."

"The only solution lies in educating people to anticipate the difficulties which lie ahead of them."

Dr. Blain believes that one of the greatest psychiatric problems facing the world to-day is that of old age.

Fear of this last stage of man's life is, he says, common and constant with everybody, and its onset, without adjustment, can be the cause of serious mental illness.

This danger is aggravated by the tendency to retire a certain age group without discrimination as to their continuing ability.

"Some people should be retired at 45 or 50; others are still valuable at 75. There must be discrimination," he said.

In one of America's biggest cities, Detroit, I am told that more hair

As he worked, Zachary broadened and strengthened and put on weight, and after only a short time of trial and error Father Sprigg and Sol really found him uncommonly useful, and that quite apart from his gift of music, which made new creatures of old Sol and the oxen.

He had a reverence for all small creatures that set the minds of Father and Mother Sprigg instantly at rest about Zachary and Stella.

That he loved the little girl and found her the delight of his life it was plain to see, and she followed him about like his gleeful shadow, yet the daily companionship bred no carelessness in him; he treated her always as though someone had just that moment put into his hands some treasure that could be sullied by a breath or smashed by a hasty movement.

Yet though they did not worry, Father and Mother Sprigg marvelled a little at the companionship between the two. They had only just come together, yet they seemed now not properly themselves when they were apart.

Zachary, coming into the farm kitchen and not finding Stella there, would for a moment or two look like a lost dog. Stella, if Zachary were late, would drift round in a bewildered way.

Yet when the one who was awaited came they would have no exuberant greeting for each other; they would just relax and be themselves again, a divided thing made whole!

There was something here that went deeper than the normal affection of two young things for each other and puzzled Father and Mother Sprigg.

It did not puzzle Dr. Crane, aware that he was in the presence of Shakespeare's marriage of true minds.

Meanwhile he perceived with delight how the various contrasts in

the dispositions of these two locked one into the other. Stella's fearlessness and Zachary's fear, her love of adventure and his of security, her serenity and his anxiety, she with her extreme sensitiveness to the suffering of others and he with the infernal power of suffering unduly in his own mind and body.

And both of them with their gift, perhaps quite natural in two whose vocation it seemed to be to shadow forth the timelessness of love, of apprehending and making contact with that which exists behind the appearance of things. And both of them, too, with the artist's love of beauty and the scholar's love of learning that are a part of that gift.

Dr. Crane refused to teach them together; he did not want Stella's mind strained by trying to catch up with Zachary; or his kept back by trying to keep her company on her level. He still taught Stella on two mornings a week, when Zachary was working at the farm, and Zachary's education was carried on ruthlessly in the evenings.

No fatigue on the part of either of them was allowed to interfere with it; though for both of them physical fatigue was apt to vanish with the opening of a book. They were utterly happy together. Neither of them had known that the relationship of father and son could be so good as this.

But on Fridays, when Father and Mother Sprigg drove to market and Zachary's work at the farm finished early, he and Stella both had dinner with the doctor, and for an hour before the meal he would read aloud to them, delighting in the contrasts and affinities of their minds

Gentian Hill Continued from page 7

and the happiness of their comradeship in the world of books.

Then, when dinner was over, Zachary would take Stella home and before the daylight faded they would ramble round the farm together, Hodge and Daniel at their heels, and what they said to each other then the doctor did not know, and he did not ask.

Friday, November 23, 1804, a still and beautiful day, was the last of these Fridays, but the doctor did not read to them that day. When Zachary and Stella arrived they found the gig at the door, the doctor struggling enthusiastically into his greatcoat, and Tom Pearse in a similar state holding the head of an equally excited Aesculapius.

"Fleet's in!" cried Tom to Zachary. "The Brest fleet. Admiral Cornwallis. Reddeman brought the news. What about dinner, sir?"

"Dinner he hanged!" said the doctor, slapping his beaver hat on the side of his head. "We'll be off down to the shore while the light's good. Up with you, Zachary and

Stella. You come along too, Tom. You can hold on behind."

He lifted the excited Stella off her jiggling toes and swung her up, climbing up after her. Zachary stood where he was, his head bent, kicking at a stone. The very mention of the Brest fleet had made him turn suddenly cold. His old ship had been, was, part of it . . . The eyes of the ship would be on him.

"Coming, Zachary?" asked the doctor.

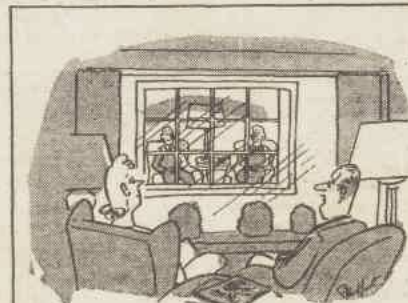
Zachary looked up. "Could I stay at home, sir? May I stay and read to myself?"

On Stella's little face was a look of comical dismay. A wonderful junketing like this and Zachary not to come too!

Without a word he swung himself up beside her, smiling down at her suddenly dimpling face, rosy with delight now inside the scarlet hood. Tom Pearse leaped up like a monkey behind and they were off, Aesculapius going like the wind.

"I wish it was Admiral Nelson, not Admiral Cornwallis," said Stella. "I wish Admiral Nelson would come to Torquay."

"He's been, my honey," said the doctor. "But you were too little a maid to take much interest in admirals at that time. That was three years ago, when the Earl of St. Vincent was a guest at Torre Abbey and the little Admiral came from Plymouth to visit him. There were grand doings at that time. A most elegant ball and supper and masquerade at the Abbey, and your humble servant, being an old Agamemnon man, actually invited."



"Certainly they had a right to build there! But did they have to have their picture window facing our picture window?"

Dr. CRANE smiled in delight at the memory and launched into reminiscences as they bowed along. When they reached the low stone wall where the doctor and Stella had paused before to look at Torbay spread out below them, they stopped again.

The ships of the Brest fleet were at anchor in the bay, their gilded carving and bright paintwork gleaming in the sun, their sails hanging loose to dry, their reflections mirrored in the calm sea as though they were swans resting quietly upon the water. The scene was so still, so peaceful, that it was like a painted picture.

They drove slowly down the hill, the doctor and Tom trying to pick out the different ships; there was the Admiral's flagship with St. George's banner flying from her fore-gallant masthead, and there was the Goliath, and there the Impetueux, and there the Venerable.

Driving through the lanes at the bottom of the hill they could no longer see the ships, but at Livermead they saw them again from a different angle.

"They'll be off when the wind shifts," said Tom Pearse. He regarded the sky, where a few silver mackerel clouds were floating in the blue, and sniffed knowingly. "Maybe to-morrow. There's a change coming. Saint Michael, see, how clear he stands. He's whistling up a wind for 'em."

They followed the direction of his glance. The chapel of St. Michael upon its rock was extraordinarily clear against the sky. The blue and silver and gold of this perfect day seemed to have sunk into the rock and to have colored it. Stella, half-shutting her eyes, could almost imagine a great angelic figure standing there, wings spread, sword in hand, whistling up a wind to carry the fleet away to fight the French.

Please turn to page 32

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Mothers and babies

Unique service provides hospital care and so frees urgently needed beds

A new Post-Natal District Service was introduced in Australia for the first time by the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney, months ago.

A survey of results shows that the scheme is working well and is especially helpful in releasing hospital beds for women who need ante-natal care.

WOMEN who take advantage of the new service are sent home with their infants on the fourth day after birth. They are then provided with daily medical and nursing care in their homes until the tenth day.

Records show that the thirty-odd mothers so far cared for in this way have a clean bill of health.

Every expectant mother who visits the Outpatients' Clinic at the hospital is told of the service, but those who take advantage of it are carefully chosen.

I met some of the mothers and saw how well they and their infants are cared for when a photographer and I accompanied nurses on home visits.

While on the "rounds" the sister-in-charge of the service, a former district nurse, explained to me the method of selecting mothers.

"To begin with, a mother must want the service, and we never try to talk a reluctant woman into it," she told me.

"Once a woman has volunteered, we make sure, by personal inspection, that there are sufficient facilities in her home for proper care and a responsible adult to look after her."

The woman is then given a list of the modest home preparations necessary for her after-care.

Before a mother and baby are allowed to leave the hospital, they must be passed by a doctor as fit for transfer. They are taken home by ambulance, accompanied always by a trained nurse and usually by a doctor.

First mother I saw was Mrs. Agnes Brydson, the 24-year-old wife of a sheet metal worker and mother of two small boys in addition to new baby girl, Lynette.

The area covered by the service runs from Dover Heights to Maroubra, out to Arncliffe and up to Rozelle. Its northern limits are the southern foreshores of the Harbor.

"We came home by ambulance four days after baby's birth, and I'm far happier than I was when I stayed in hospital for ten days with each of my other children," Mrs. Brydson told me.

"My mother is looking after me, but she doesn't have to do much apart from changing baby's nappies and having boiling water ready for nurse's visit each morning."

"Nurse does the swabbing, takes temperatures, freshens up my bed and the room, helps me change into

a fresh nightdress, and changes, weighs, and dresses me. In the afternoon a doctor examines baby and me to see everything is all right."

Some women when told of the scheme at the Outpatients' Clinic will not consider it at all, others who may favor it are dissuaded by their husbands' objections.

Two women who nevertheless had doubts about its success when they were concerned were Dorothy Skinner, wife of a worker, and Mrs. Mavis Thompson, wife of a limber.

"My little boy Bobby is yet, and I knew if I stayed in hospital for the full ten days after baby's birth I'd be worrying a time about Bobby and him," Mrs. Skinner said.

"Now I'm right in my own home getting the same attention I got in hospital and sure that's all right."

"I was worried about missing my four days in hospital. I'd have been a bad patient, stayed any longer, indeed," Mavis Thompson, of Bondi, of 17-month-old Jan and two Denise.

"I was fretting more than I and she frets enough as it is her sight too long."

Mrs. Thompson, whose baby seven days old when I saw her, the visiting nurse worked and left everything spotless as I was.

"But on each of my visits stays close to my bed in the night 'go way again,'" Mavis told me.

Mrs. Mavis Pride, of Moot, amazed at her smooth transfer from hospital bed to home.

"I simply had to find a bed on to a stretcher, the ambulance had me home in no time, hand and mother were waiting the doorstep to greet me, nurse and doctor put me to bed," she said.

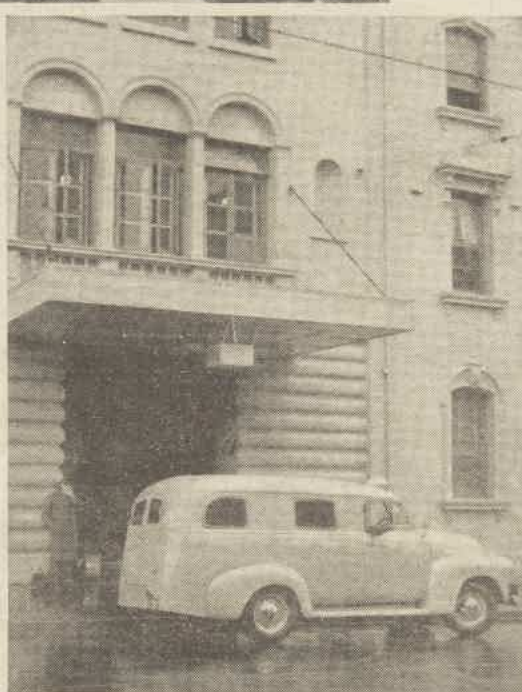
The Post-Natal District Service was introduced to ease the shortage of beds. The



SISTER-IN-CHARGE of Post-Natal District Service gives details of scheme to expectant mothers in Outpatients' Clinic at Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney.



SERVICE is explained to volunteer Mrs. Gwen Walliron (right) at her home after inspection by sister-in-charge to ensure that facilities are available for proper care.



AMBULANCE carrying two mothers and their four-day-old infants to their homes leaves Women's Hospital, Crown Street.



MATRON EDNA SHAW, O.B.E., hands five-day-old John Edward to his mother, Mrs. J. MacNaughton, in home-bound ambulance.

AT RIGHT: Neighbor Mrs. Mavis Smith welcomes Mrs. MacNaughton at her Bondi home. Her mother was there to care for her.



BABY Lynette Brydson, four days old, and dressed by hospital nurse.

go home in four days

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

higher rate of sickness among mothers before birth than there is afterwards, and modern obstetrics lean towards providing 40 per cent. of hospital beds to ante-natal care.

When the Post-Natal District Service is functioning fully the Crown Street Hospital hopes to be able to release 12 beds a week for ante-natal care.

Critics of the scheme say that babies sent home early must inevitably breathe polluted air. To this the hospital authorities reply that in the Coombe Hospital, Dublin, where infants are kept in their mothers' beds, the infection rate among new-born babies is lower than at the very modern National Maternity Hospital, Dublin, where all babies are kept in the nurseries.

"The overall shortage of maternity beds in Australia is acute, and the Crown Street Hospital feels that their new service is a safe way of providing more beds," said Dr. R. H. J. Hamlin, Medical Superintendent of Crown St., who introduced the scheme.

He says that the disease of eclampsia, or kidney fits, kills every year in N.S.W. more mothers than any other disease of childbirth. The only way to combat this disease, he declares, is to give mothers early

hospital care in the ante-natal period as soon as they show signs of the disease.

"The new scheme, by making room for the early hospitalisation of such mothers, will play a part in lowering the maternal mortality rate in N.S.W.," he added.

"There are no risks at all with this scheme," the sister-in-charge told me.

"We take every precaution and even a slight temperature will keep a patient in hospital for another day or however long the doctor considers it necessary.

"Some people think that if we send a patient home early she will start dashing off to the pictures or out shopping, but we find that women are only too glad to stay in bed and be looked after."

For a long time past some women have been discharged, at their own request on their fifth or sixth days.

"Some of them have gone home to chaotic households, housework, and no post-natal care," the sister-in-charge told me.

"Nothing, except severe illness, will make those women stay in hospital, but if we can induce them to come into the new scheme then we can be sure they are resting at home and receiving proper care."

MOTHER does her post-natal exercises while young Jan Thompson keeps in time with her. Proud father and new baby, Denise, watch.

MORNING BATH for baby Alan Francis Bishop is watched by his mother, Mrs. Phyllis Bishop, mother of six children.



led by her mother after having been bathed, weighed, changed, and dressed. Mrs. Brydson has two small boys as well as Lynette.

WEIGHING of new baby brother, Billy, intrigues Bobby Skinner. Mrs. Dorothy Skinner was worried about leaving Bobby to go to hospital to have her baby. So she welcomed the new District Service very enthusiastically.

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STELLA cried
impulsively, "Let's climb up to the
chapel!"

"It's long past dinner time, Stella,"
said the doctor. "We'll keep the
chapel for another day, my honey.
But I'll tell you the story of the
chapel as we drive home. Then
when you do go, you will know
whom to expect to meet there."

It was not a quiet sea, but a storm,
with which the doctor began his
story, and it had raged five cen-
turies ago. The monks of Torre, say-
ing compline within the Abbey
church that night, could scarcely
make their voices audible above the
roar of the wind and the crashing of
the great waves on the shore.

In the middle of compline the
west door opened suddenly, letting
in a gust of wind that made the
candles gutter in their sconces, and
the abbot, turning round, saw the
wild figure of one of their goat-
herds standing in the doorway.

"A ship in distress, Father!" he
cried. "A large ship driving towards
the rocks."

The monks did not finish com-
pline. Living so near the shore they
were used to doing what they could
for sailors in trouble. They lit the
storm lanterns, seized a coil of rope,
and fought their way through the
wind and rain down to the shore,
where the waves were thundering in
like mad horses. They could dimly
see the great ship driving in upon
the rocks, but the storm was so fear-
ful that there was little they could
do.

With all their heroic effort they
saved the life of only one man; and
he was half dead when they pulled
him to shore. They nursed him
back to life in the Abbey infirmary,
and then he told them that in the
hour of his danger he had vowed,
should his life be spared, to devote
it to God.

When he recovered he kept his
vow. Helped by the monks he built
a chapel upon the rocky summit of
the hill close to the Abbey, and here,
looking out over the sea where his
ship had been wrecked and his
friends drowned, he lived the life
of a hermit until he died, saying
the offices ordained by Holy Church
and praying unceasingly for the liv-
ing and the dead.

And always, when a storm raged,
his voice could be heard praying
aloud in anguish for the safety of
those at sea.

Three hundred years later a boy
of the neighborhood was in trouble.
One day he climbed to the chapel
and knelt and prayed there. He
had been told the story of the her-
mit, and when his prayer was fin-
ished he stayed on in the chapel
thinking about the story and won-
dering if it were true.

And then he must have slept a
little and dreamed a dream, for it
seemed to him that it was night in
the chapel, with two lamps burning
in the recesses in the north wall,
and looking towards the east he saw
a rough stone altar there and an old,
white-haired man kneeling in prayer
before it; and he heard the words of
the old man's prayer, and he prayed
for all those enduring storm, dark-
ness, and fear, whether in the mind
or in the body.

And then the old man raised his
head and looked at the boy, and their
eyes met, and the old man smiled.

And then it seemed that the old
man came to him and that they
talked a little. . . . And then it was
once more daylight in the chapel,
and there was no one there but the
boy alone, and he could not remem-
ber what it was that he and the old
man had said to each other.

He spoke to no one of this dream
or vision, excepting to a young girl
called Rosalind, whom he loved, and
to her he spoke of it one evening
when they sat together outside the
chapel. He was saying good-bye
to her there, for he was setting out
upon a long journey in search of
wisdom, a journey that would take
him across the sea.

But he promised to return, and
she promised to visit the chapel on

every anniversary of his departure.
They would never forget each other,
they said. Then he went away.

Three years passed and he had not
returned. Rosalind kept her promise.
She did not forget her lover, and on
each anniversary of his departure
she visited the chapel. On the third
anniversary she still kept her word,
though the night was cold, dark, and
stormy.

Climbing up to the chapel she
was surprised to see a light inside,
and when she came to the door she
saw two lamps burning in the al-
coves in the north wall, and an old,
white-haired man kneeling at prayer.

He got up when he saw her, and
smiled, and came to her. He told
her that her lover was on board a
ship that was even now out in the
bay, driven by the rising storm, and
that his safety depended upon her
courage. He said, "Since these strong
walls were raised, no storm has swept
along this coast like this which
comes to-night."

Together they went down to the
shore, and there in the fury of the
storm that followed Rosalind stood
steadfast, refusing to be driven away
by wind or rain.

It was she who first saw the great
ship driving towards the rocks, as
long before the monks of Torre had
seen another ship, and she who
dragged from the water the body of
her lover, brought almost to her feet
by a great wave.

She and the old man carried him
to the nearest house, where he was
skillfully cared for and brought back
to life again.

By the morning the
storm had ceased, and Rosalind,
looking at the door, saw the old man
lingering there. She left her lover
and went to say good-bye to him,
and he told her that as long as the
chapel stood it would always hold
help and comfort for those who
prayed there. Then he blessed her
and left her, and neither she nor her
lover ever saw him again.

But they did not forget him, and
the chapel was a holy place to them
both until they died.

The doctor told the legend as well
as he could, because he loved it, as
he loved all the legends of this
country, and when he had finished
Stella had eager questions to ask.

Where did Rosalind live when she
was a little girl? What was her
lover's name? Where had he been
across the sea? Where did they live
when they got married? What did
they do? The doctor said he did
not know, and he refused to con-
coct imaginative answers. Perhaps
one day Stella would find out for
herself.

Zachary had smiled at parts of
the story, told so simply to please
Stella, but he did not smile as he
put his own question, and the doc-
tor answered it with equal serious-
ness.

"Did the fellow find the wisdom
he was looking for?"

"Yes, he found it."

The next day, Saturday, Novem-
ber the 24th, the wind changed and
freshened. Clouds had come up be-
fore the wind and it was quite dark
when the doctor got back from his
rounds, and he and Zachary sat
down rather late to their evening
meal. The Admiral had signalled
an immediate departure just before
5 o'clock, Tom Pearce told them as
he handed the vegetables.

"It'll be a job to work out of the
bay in this darkness, sir," he said
to the doctor. "Dirty weather on
the way too. Better to have waited
till morning."

The doctor looked at the opaque
blackness outside the window, and
in the little pause they could hear
the moan of the rising wind.

"Admiral Cornwallis knows his
job," he said slowly.

Tom Pearce snuffed dubiously and
nursed out the claret.

Gentian Hill

Continued from page 29

The doctor and Zachary were sit-
ting reading in front of the study
fire when they heard the low boom
of a gun. The doctor lifted his
head and waited. Ship in distress.

Tom Pearce's head came round
the door. "Puttin' in Aesculapius,
sir," he said briefly. The doctor
grunted, read steadily to the end of
the paragraph, then closed his book
and reached for his doctor's bag.

"Coming, Zachary?" he asked.
Zachary nodded.

Bundled up in thick coats the three
of them backed into the gig and
drove off into the windy darkness.
Scuds of rain came now and then
upon the wind, lashing their faces.
The darkness hindered their pace not
at all, for Aesculapius knew every
inch of these roads.

Paignton village was deserted, for
everyone had gone down to the
shore. By the light of flares and
hurricane lanterns, they could dimly
make out the doomed ship on the
rocks. The sea had made a com-
plete breach in her and the waves
were pouring through.

At sight of her, and at thought of
the men aboard her, all his old
haired of the sea swept over Zachary,
sickening him. Then the nausea
passed and rage took its place. Why
was no one doing anything? Were
they all to stand here and watch
those men drown?

He must have shouted aloud in
his fury for he felt the doctor take
his arm and shake it, shouting some-
thing unintelligible. Then he saw
that there were some boats tossing
about the Venerable, and that a
handful of courageous fishermen
were trying to get more boats off
from the beach.

Then began one of the most
splendid efforts to save life that Tor-
bay had ever witnessed. The fight
continued all through that stormy
pitch-black night as, one after the
other, the small pitching boats
passed under the Venerable's stern,
and helped their men in.

Throughout that night Zachary
worked as hard and courageously
as any man upon the beach. Soon
after the doctor had shaken him by
the arm he found himself in one of
the boats. His was one of the few
boats that got out to the Venerable
and back with a boatload of sailors
without capsizing. Later he was in
the sea, up to the waist in ice-cold
water, Tom Pearce beside him,
struggling to save the exhausted
men clinging to the lines.

Later still he was inside the inn at
the harbor, laboring with the doctor
to bring back life to half drowned
bodies. And all through the night
it was his rage that kept him going,
rage lit now and then by some sort
of light, a triumph of some kind.

It was still dark when at last there
was no more for them to do; and
the rescuers carried the rescued
back to their homes with them, for
hot drinks, hot baths, and bed. The
doctor captured two young officers
and drove them home in the gig.
Zachary and Tom Pearce followed
on foot. They were too weary for
much speech, but Tom said to
Zachary, "You did a man's work
this night, sir."

Zachary nodded. He knew he
had. His rage had gone now, but
the triumph remained, and though
his teeth were chattering it warmed
him through.

Mother Sprigg and Stella set off
on foot for church next morning
dressed in their best. Everyone came
early to church these days, to watch
the drilling of the militia with Father
Sprigg at their command, and they
were very proud of their husbands
and sons and brothers, standing there
in two irregular lines, shouldering
the pikes that between drills were
kept inside the church.

Please turn to page 33

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Interesting People



COMMANDER R. G. A. JACKSON
... national development

DESCRIBED as a genius for making complex administration work in high gear, Commander R. G. A. Jackson, now only 38, is secretary of the newly created Ministry of National Development. He is at present assessing our national resources in view of future increases in population. Born in Victoria, he followed a naval career with the R.A.N. until the war, when his brilliance led to his appointment as organiser of essential supplies to the Middle East, Deputy Director of United Nations relief, and later a high post with the U.K. Treasury.



MISS BETTY FRANKLYN
... broke into male field

ONLY girl in W.A. to take the 1950 probationary woolclassers' examination was 25-year-old Betty Franklyn, of South Fremantle. She has been a wool clerk with a wool reclassing firm for nine years, began going to evening classes at Fremantle Technical College to learn wool-classing technicalities to help job. Examiners now consider her capable of classing sheep and tabling length, soundness, quality, condition, and color of greasy wool. Now if she wants to gain her diploma she will have to work on a sheep station. At present she holds a probationer woolclasser's certificate.



MR. CRAIG BAYNES
... maker of "Undertow"

FORMER English newscaster, cameraman and R.A.F. entertainment officer, Craig Baynes is the maker of the half-hour film on Australian life-saving, "Undertow," now showing in English and Australian theatres. He calls himself a screen journalist and is interested in making informative films rather than straight-out documentaries. During the war he made several instructional films for the British Air Ministry. He is married to Australian dancer Quenette Royal.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 1, 1950

Gentian Hill

Continued from page 32

A VOICE behind Stella said, "They wouldn't hurry, not if they heard the French had landed this morning! Come away, Green-sleeves! You don't want to watch this play-acting, do you?"

It was Zachary, white faced and hollow-eyed and suffering severely from reaction.

They went into the churchyard, and as they passed the church porch Zachary averted his eyes from the proclamation pinned there upon the notice board. Not that that did him any good, for certain phrases of it seemed seared into his memory.

"Address to all ranks and descriptions of Englishmen... Friends and countrymen, the French are now assembling the largest force that ever was prepared to invade this kingdom... No man's service is compelled, but you are invited voluntarily to come forward in defence of everything that is dear to you..."

"Did you see the wreck, Zachary?" asked Stella.

"Yes, Stella. The doctor and Tom and I went to help."

"Do you hate the French, Zachary? Lord Nelson does," said Stella.

"No," said Zachary sombrely.

"Nor do I," said Stella. "But most people do."

"It's not the mark of a good patriot to hate the enemy," said Zachary. "It's the mark of a patriot to love his country."

"Do you love England?" asked Stella.

"Yes."

"Would you enlist and fight for her, like the proclamation says on the door, if you were grown up?"

She asked the question in all simplicity, but his face went tight, and he evaded it by lightly asking her one. "Would you, Green-sleeves? If you were a man and grown up?"

She nodded. "And I'd make myself a bow out of the yew tree on Bowerly Hill. The arrows would fly fast from it because that tree was once an angel who turned himself into a yew... At least that's what I thought when I was little."

"Why did you think that?" demanded Zachary eagerly.

"Because the branches spread out like wings, and because when you climb up into the tree you feel winged yourself."

Zachary laughed. "Yes, that's true. There's the one-minute bell going and you've got Mother Sprigg's Prayer Book."

Seated in church, Zachary vainly craned his neck, looking over the top of his pew to the Weekborough pew across the aisle. He could just see the top of Father Sprigg's head, and Mother Sprigg's grey bonnet, but nothing at all of Stella. But he knew she was sitting there demurely between them.

Thinking of her, he thought of that vast army assembled across the Channel, and the rage that he had felt last night rose in him again at the thought that she might be in danger.

"In defence of everything that is dear to you..." He had felt triumph with his rage, and it was here that the triumph lay, in the fact of love. He loved Stella enough to go back to the hell he had left to try to keep her safe.

The two young officers whom the doctor brought back from the wreck slept until the aroma of three o'clock Sunday dinner penetrated their slumbers, when they arose starving, donned the uniforms that Tom Pearce had dried and pressed for them, and descended precipitately to the dining parlor.

The two young men were both keen seamen, one of them the son of a Post Captain and the grandson of an Admiral, and were delighted to find the doctor and Tom of their fraternity, and talk of naval affairs was eager and informed.

Only Zachary was silent, but the doctor noticed that there was no strain about his silence; it caught the attention of the two young men; especially Rupert Hounslow.

At last Rupert said, "You did a good job of work last night. You handled your oar as we do in the navy."

"Yes, sir," said Zachary quietly.

"Are you in the service?"

The doctor's fingers tensed so suddenly on the delicate stem of his wine glass that it snapped. Through the slight confusion of the moment he heard Zachary's voice replying steadily, "I used to be in the navy."

"Invalided out?"

"No, sir. I deserted."

In the pause that followed the two young men flushed with embarrassment but the doctor drained his glass as though he drank a toast, and Tom cleared his throat with a loud rasping crescendo as triumphant as a trumpet blast.

Zachary squared his shoulders and met Rupert Hounslow's eyes unflinchingly. "I would like to go back, sir. I can take whatever punishment is just and right. But I do not know what I should do to get back. What should I do, sir?"

RUPERT leaned forward, his arms on the table, intent upon the boy. The doctor, looking at his sensible freckled face, liked him. He and Zachary talked now as though they were alone together.

"Was it a bad ship?"

"No, sir," lied Zachary.

"Then why did you desert?"

A pulse twitched in Zachary's cheek. "I hated the sea."

"What's your name? Dr. Crane told me, I think, but I've forgotten. Was it Moon?"

"No, sir. Anthony Louis Mary O'Connell."

Zachary gave it in full, with a childish simplicity. The doctor, listening intently, knew that by his steady recitation he was deliberately wringing the neck of Zachary Moon; at what cost only he himself knew.

"I know a Captain O'Connell by reputation. An Irish Catholic. He bears the name of Mary too. Any relation?"

"Yes, sir. He is my uncle."

"Were you on his ship?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you lied when you said it was not a bad ship."

"Could you help me to get back to it, sir?" was Zachary's only reply to this.

"No, I couldn't. But I'll help you get another ship. I've got to get another ship myself. I must catch the next coach to London. Will you come with me?"

Zachary looked at the doctor. His face was set like a mask now and his eyes that had been bright were suddenly opaque and dull.

"Yes, Anthony," said the doctor. "The mail coach, Mr. Hounslow, leave the 'Crown and Anchor,' at Torquay at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning. That's the day after tomorrow. You should be in London in twenty-four hours. If you have finished your wine, gentlemen, we will adjourn to the study."

To be continued

COPHA FAIRY CAKES

Correction of Recipe

IN the recipe for Copha Fairy Cakes made by the new "melt'n mix" method, published in June 17 issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, amount of milk required was shown, by an error, as 1 pint. This should have been only 1 pint. For those who may have missed this recipe it will be published again, complete, in a fortnight's time.

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- New Pepsodent with Irium routs dulling film which builds constantly on everyone's teeth, leaving your teeth white and your mouth fresh.
- Pepsodent has a wonderful refreshing minty taste which makes it a favourite with all the family.

NEW PEPSODENT GIVES THE WHITEST TEETH—THE CLEANEST, FRESHEST BREATH

HERE ARE THE RULES:

Any number of entries may be submitted, but each entry must be submitted on an official entry form. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought.

Each entry must include your own name and address and the name and address of the retailer from whom you obtained your entry form.

Send entries to "Pepsodent Jingle Contest," Box 4924, G.P.O., Sydney.

Contest closes midnight, July 21st, 1950.

Winners of radiograms will be announced on the Pepsodent programme, "King of Quiz," broadcast nationally on August 10th. All radio prizes in the daily press on August 11th; winners of Waterman pens will be advised by letter.

CLOSING DATE—MIDNIGHT, 21st JULY, 1950.

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO!

Write a 2-line Pepsodent Jingle beginning I like Pepsodent.

[Do not fill in this space—use official entry form obtainable free from all chemists and stores.]

Sample Jingle

I like Pepsodent, with Irium it's right!
Removes dulling film, makes my teeth white.

PEPSODENT gives the WHITEST teeth

P136.WW142

For that "washed-up" feeling



have a Life Saver



MRS. STOWE . . .

Continued from page 18

SO she put it away for a while, until, in March, Calvin returned from Lane Seminary where he had been for a term.

Quite by accident he found her manuscript, and, with tears running over his round face, exclaimed, "Hattie, you must go on with it. You must make up a story with this for the climax. The Lord intends it so."

Feeling divinely inspired Harriet sat down at her desk and began the great story.

It was published in serial installments in "The National Era," beginning on June 5, 1851. As popular demand for it grew, Harriet had a hard time keeping up with the presses. Once she missed an issue, but pleased the readers by an extra long instalment the next time.

Copies of the paper passed from hand to hand until they were dog-eared, dirty, and almost dropping apart.

People wanted to know more about this authoress, and a Philadelphia woman, who was writing a book about celebrities, asked Harriet for a daguerreotype of herself.

Daguerreotypes (early photographs) cost 15 dollars each, and Hattie could not afford to have one made. She did not even own a silk dress.

Once the book was published, and readers in England began to devour it, silk dresses lay ahead for Hattie.

Stirred by its message, a group of influential British women, including Mrs. Tennyson, Mrs. Dickens, and many noblewomen, drew up: "An Affectionate and Christian Address of Many Thousands of Women of Great Britain and Ireland to Their Sisters, the Women of the United States of America."

Urging America to "abolish the awful system of slavery," it was signed by 50,000 women, and filled 26 volumes.

They chose Harriet to receive this address.

The whole trip was like a dream to Mrs. Stowe.

When the ship docked at Liverpool, cheering crowds met her, and the sound of cheering followed her

to Edinburgh. There she received an enormous silver salver, laden with a thousand sovereigns to be given to the Abolition cause.

There was a Lord Mayor's reception in London, and famous people called in their carriages to see her. They included the former Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, Lord Shaftesbury, and Macaulay.

Among all these new-met people Harriet made a friend. This was Lady Byron, delicate, reserved widow of the poet.

This friendship was kept up by correspondence when Harriet returned to her home at Andover.

Curious ladies of Andover paid calls to see the silver salver and the souvenirs the Stowes had brought back.

Tongues wagged over Harriet's 17-years-old daughter Eliza, who came back from a shopping trip in Boston with a "spidery Italian greyhound, then the most fashionable of dogs."

Attack on Byron

HARRIET'S next novel, "Dred: A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp," was published in 1856. In the years between she had contributed many articles on her travels to American newspapers. But, from bitter experience of publishers in Britain, who printed "Uncle Tom" without a penny going to her, Harriet was firm over "Dred."

She went to England herself to see that her copyright was water-tight, and renewed her friendship with Lady Byron.

During this visit Lady Byron told Hattie her version of Lord Byron's private life. Later, in 1869, after the death of both the Byrons, Hattie, irked by the publication of a book by one of Byron's mistresses, decided to give the world what she called "The True Story of Lady Byron's Life," silencing the many who believed their hero a wronged man.

The article, written for "The Atlantic," and republished in Macmillan's Magazine, caused a tremendous storm.

"CRUSADER IN CEINOLINES," by Forrest Wilson, is an interesting biography of Harriet Beecher Stowe. This book and another by Catherine Gilbertson are available in many circulating libraries.

Typical of the resentment it evoked was a cartoon in a paper called "Pon," showing Harriet clambering over a statue of Lord Byron, leaving muddy hand and foot marks on it.

The caption said: "Now then, old gal, if you want to make yourself conspicuous, you had better go elsewhere, and not leave your dirty marks here."

After the trip to England tragedy struck at the Stowe family once more, when Henry Stowe, a naval cadet, was drowned.

But this individual tragedy only foreshadowed a national tragedy when the Civil War began in 1861, ten years after "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written.

Fred Stowe went off to the war, and Hattie and Calvin at home waited for the great day when the slaves would be free.

It came on New Year's Day, 1863, when President Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

At the Boston Music Hall, where the Proclamation was read among celebrations, the crowd noticed Harriet and called "Mrs. Stowe! Mrs. Stowe!"

Friendly hands pushed her forward as the crowd cheered. It was the great moment of her life. Though she wrote other books, only "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is remembered today, and its part in the emancipation of the slaves has given her an assured place in history.

For the next 30 years she potttered happily round her home, spending holidays in Florida, where the Stowes acquired an orange grove.

She became more birdlike than ever, and in extreme old age was rarely remembered by the public.

She died in 1896, and her children at the funeral noticed a wreath sent from "The Negroes of Boston."

Pinned to the wreath was a card reading:

"From the Children of Uncle Tom."



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Three times Australian

Open Golf Champion, says:

"We're a family of Horlicks drinkers at home. We agree it's the most nourishing of all food drinks."

"Playing championship golf is a matter of skill and concentration plus plenty of hard work," says Ossie. "You need all those to get to the top — and you need to be really fit to stay there,

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Many people drink Horlicks because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink it to build them up . . . nourish the body and nerves . . . and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. Whatever the reason — everyone enjoys Horlicks. Equally delicious hot or cold.

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Here you see Ossie Pickworth, with his wife Lorna and three children, enjoying their evening glass of Horlicks. "Just like Ossie," says Mrs. Pickworth, "I'm a great believer in Horlicks. It's Horlicks for all of us at home. We all agree it's the most delicious and nourishing food drink of all."

Rich in these food values



— when mixed as directed

TEENA *hilda teary*



ARIES (March 21 to April 20):

Your adverse day this week is June 28 and your most prosperous June 29. The rest of the week is fair if you keep a watchful eye on July 3. Domestic affairs may get tangled, so go warily on the adverse days.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Some good luck is due for you on June 29, and the time is ripe to establish helpful contacts and seek personal gain. However, don't be too optimistic or over-expansive on July 3.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Emphasis is now on money, finance, buying and selling, with June 28 and July 3 rather adverse days. Don't let social dates or expensive ideas run you into debt. Choose Thursday, June 29, for a really helpful and lucky day.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): If personal affairs prove annoying on June 28, have patience. Don't rush into unwise action or stir up strife; wait until the following day, June 29, when a lucky break will help you to success in your present aims.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): This week is likely to hold you back a little. Watch your step, particularly

As I Read the STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

on June 28, for friction and mishaps will be hard to avoid. Some indirect gain is possible on June 29, so conserve your best efforts until then.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): This week can be rather irritating if you allow others to interfere with your peace of mind. Choose June 29 for any important plans for ties, friendships, hopes, or wishes. Agreements and contracts would succeed if undertaken before the week-end.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Your aspects are rather mixed this week, adverse on June 28, beneficial on June 29, and then a spell until July 3, which is another day on which to be wary. Ambitions, career, and business prospects are due for a busy time.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): You will do best if you take all matters very carefully on June 28. Luck rather than force serves your purpose this week. Just wait for things to happen. Destiny plans some nice uplift over the next few days.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22):

A week that starts badly but proceeds favorably from June 29 to July 4. You may have the opportunity to settle some of your financial problems with a co-worker or partner with satisfactory results.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Your aspects are mostly helpful this week, especially from June 29, although you must use more than your usual care to avoid clashes and misunderstandings in your marriage or domestic circle. A lot depends upon you.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): June 28 is a strenuous day; during it you must take time off for rest. Leave your most important projects until June 29, a day that promises bigger and better results. Don't be too generous on July 3, when results can be disappointing.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Your prospects on the whole are very bright this week, especially where your social and love life are concerned. Watch yourself and others on June 28, a day on which quarrels could easily occur.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl.
...hair that gleams and glistens
From a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!... Show him how much lovelier your hair can look... after a **Lustre-Creme Shampoo**

Tonight he can see your hair sparkling with unexpected sheen... FEEL your hair caressably soft and silky... if you use LUSTRE-CREME to-day. Only Lustre-Creme brings you Kay Dammitt's magic formula for glomozing hair as you wash it. A blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin, Lustre-Creme gives "loveliness lather!"

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Not a Liquid!
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Lathering Cream
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In a tube for your convenience

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"Now I take regular doses of Kruschen and rheumatic pains no longer make my life a constant misery. Kruschen Salts keep me in good health all the year round and in your own words give me that famous Kruschen feeling."

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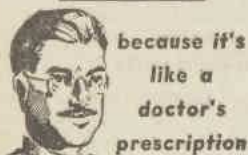
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STOP PAIN FASTER

RODNEY PETERS'
calm manner of implying that he didn't care in the least whether anybody like him or not magnetised Margot's eye. Magnetised in turn by her covert attention, he had approached with some peanuts and announced, "I've been watching you!"

Although elated at having triumphed over such a barricade of indifference, camouflage or not, Margot accepted the peanuts with carefully cool graciousness.

"You look," went on Rodney Peters, "you—Have you seen those French tapestries up at the Metropolitan?"

"Oh, yes!" said Margot, collapsing into enthusiasm.

And indeed she had stared at them with love and longing, recognising the true home she had been born too late to inhabit. The gentle background of flowers and rabbits that should have been hers; love without trouble elegantly offered, proffered like the woven heart between thumb and forefinger.

"Well, you look," said Rodney Peters, paying her sweet blue glance, her rounded grace of line the most concentrated attention, "as though you'd walked straight out of one of them and arrived by mistake at a cocktail party."

Margot felt it was the most imaginative, the most perceptive compliment she'd ever had. She glowed with the happiness that springs from hearing an intimately cherished picture of oneself confirmed into reality by another's opinion.

It was all the greater blow, therefore, when he told her later, at dinner, that he was married.

Margot's long fine bones and gentle coloring gave her a delicate air that was quite false since she was strong as a horse and had the digestion of an ostrich. And, similarly, what seemed an amiable, if deeply rooted, weakness for love and approval hid a great source of strength in her single-minded purpose to achieve them.

And since she had to please if she were to be loved, and she had to be loved to be happy, she had learned very early to use candor like ju-jitsu, disarming with frankness to win forgiveness. She also figured the calculated risks of disapproval with actuarial accuracy.

She met Rodney Peters' blow with blue-eyed, defenceless silence. Because she had figured out long ago that, fairly or unfairly, a wife rests softly in universal approval while the other woman, win or lose, sits out on a limb swept by cold blasts of public disapproval.

"Listen," said Rodney Peters, whose intuitions concerning women were kept sharpened by almost constant use, "I think you're worrying about my wife. You're sweet, but let me tell you about that. We couldn't be better friends, but we sort of go our own ways. Dinah's away a lot, she's a photographer and you've probably seen lots of her work, so— Well, a lot of the time, I'm a lonely sort of a guy."

He paused and looked pensive. With equally facile skill Margot looked understanding. And a little sad; but she knew it would never do. It was too much of a risk.

"The trouble is," she frankly confessed in a small voice, "I'm afraid to run the risk of— I know you'll think—"

"I think you're a darling," he promptly forgave her, "and a very nice change. These amateurs who—"

He dropped that subject, assumed an expression of masculine gravity.

"I make a point of living up to my promises," he said. "So I won't promise not to call you, some night when the city seems awfully big. Because I might not be able to help it."

Gentlemen, Beware!

"Please try not to," said Margot appealingly.

But she was pretty sure he would. And in spite of his rare perceptiveness, and the sporting exhilaration of meeting a skill that matched her own, she hoped he wouldn't. Particularly on a week-end when quiet had weakened her will.

Consequently, although the Friday morning of her week-end with Fred and Nancy Welles broke grimly, with a grey sky that hinted direly of more snow, Margot chose the lesser risk of weather.

And in case the weather reports were right and snow came, she caught a very early train to the suburbs.

Fred Welles sat in a later train, looking gloomily at the snow-spangled dark square of his window. The hard winter had shaken his faith in the commuters' tribal god of transportation and he was filled with bleak atheistical forebodings. A man swung a bag up in the rack overhead and sat down beside him. Fred Welles turned.

"Hey, Jay!" Surprise became commiseration. "Where do you think you're going, on a night like this?"

Jay Murray mentioned a station thirty miles beyond Fred's in an area where the fortunate bought acreage, not lots.

"Listen, fella, you don't know this railroad," said Fred, enjoying a novel advantage of experience, since Jay Murray was considerably his superior



in the company in which they both worked.

Jay Murray said fatalistically that it was a week-end visit planned and postponed for the past two months.

"You'll never make it this side of midnight," warned Fred Welles with relish. The idea of doing Jay Murray a favor in spite of himself was peculiarly gratifying. "Look, the smart thing for you to do would be to get off with me. Let me put you up for the night."

Nancy Welles was busy in the kitchen. The train was late, so dinner would be late, her young were fractious. For the moment, they were in the living-room with Margot Fleming, having marked her with infant shrewdness as a sucker for peace and popularity at any price. She was reading to them.

"Hi!" shouted Fred Welles, bursting in from stormy outer dark like "East Lynne" reversed.

Margot looked up with blue-eyed surprise from the book in her hand.

Light shone on her hair; her soft blue wool dress was the color of her eyes and of draperies in glowing Italian holy pictures. Behind Fred Welles she saw a tall stranger with strongly carved features interestingly mitigated by kind grey eyes; a mobile humorous mouth.

With a flicker of envy Jay Murray looked at the picture of Margot arranged in a nimbus of light, set off by the borrowed finery of the capering children. Then he smiled with unfeeling, admiring appreciation.

Fred Welles introduced him. "And

Continued from page 9

this is Margot Fleming," he went on. "Margot, how are you? Pretty in the face," he advised Jay Murray, "but look out for her!"

Margot laughed. Observant as a bird watcher, her trained eye read hints of substance in the damp hat and coat Jay Murray was taking off, the pulse that suggested success was his habitat. She said cheerfully that Fred pretended to disapprove of her.

"Maybe he really does!" she added, and laughed again, because this perhaps was a tribute.

"I thought you were Mrs. Welles, when we came in," said Jay Murray. He paused, contemplating the mistake with the startled delight of one fingering found money.

Margot's eyes deepened to darker blue with pleased understanding. She looked at him half shyly. It was one of her best looks, engendering friendly ease; a gentle protectiveness. They smiled at each other, arrived quickly at intimacy by the short cut of a shared secret.

"Why nobody has ever snapped up this Jay Murray of Fred's I cannot imagine," she marvelled happily to Nancy next day. "He's a lamb."

Nancy was disturbed by Margot's light familiarity toward a man Fred deferred to in office hours. "Fred says," she quoted with some stress on her possession of a Fred to quote, "that he's heard Jay Murray had to support an invalid mother for years. So probably he couldn't marry for—"

"Wouldn't you know?" interrupted Margot sympathetically. Then she trumped Nancy's complacency in having a husband to quote by generalising from a broader knowledge of life. "You know, Nancy, men with the kind of kind grey eyes Jay Murray has are the world's kindest souls. They like taking care of people."

But even as she glimpsed an entrancing future she noticed that Nancy was standing transfixed, as though startled by the sight of a mouse or a possibility.

Modulating hastily into naive, Margot mourned that life was queer. "Because my problem—Rodney—can't be compared to Jay Murray really; but oh, Nancy, there's something about him! I don't know—but you know what I mean!"

Cheered, Nancy agreed and pressed for further details, which Margot gladly supplied. Suddenly she saw that by dwelling on Rodney's dangerous charms she could save herself from over-eagerness with Jay Murray. A fatal mistake, as Margot well knew, and nearly impossible to conceal from the X-ray eye of the male defensive instinct.

So there was nothing in her eyes but the most harmless clear blue friendliness when Jay Murray said, as he left her at the door of her apartment house Sunday night, "I hope you aren't going to disappear, the way people do when they're back in New York."

"Why, of course not," she said, "and don't you. I hope you'll drop in for a cocktail with me some day. After all, weren't we practically snowbound together?"

As though her words had conjured up the extremely active family life they had left behind with the tacit relief of the single who are used to peace and quiet, Jay Murray produced an associative compliment.

"You're a good guest," he commended her.

"I love the Welles'," responded Margot simply.

Please turn to page 37

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Women everywhere are saying "My skin feels soft, smooth, natural and refreshed... never drawn, tight or dry since I started using Herco". Your skin becomes velvet soft... tiny lines soften and disappear... flaky roughness smooths away when the rich creamy Herco lotion penetrates deep into the pore openings. Lanoline's nourishing benefit and the softening effect of the Olive Oil keep your skin gloriously young. Herco is scientifically compounded to care for your skin by the three basics of true skin beauty... (1) softening; (2) nourishing; (3) protecting.

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JAY MURRAY

smiled. "I'd be delighted to come for a cocktail," he said. "Provided you'll have dinner with me afterwards. And maybe do a theatre. That is, if you'd like to."

"I'd love it," said Margot. "I'd love to."

"I'll call you soon," promised Jay Murray.

She knew at once that he would. That he was one of those wonderful characters who would do exactly what he promised when he said he would.

A little later she fell asleep smiling. Partly because she almost always remembered to fall asleep smiling as a premature but sensible precaution against the wrong kind of lines around the mouth, and partly because she felt reinstated as life's good child.

The thought of Jay Murray was as reassuring as the feeling of money in the bank—that allows some margin for extravagance.

So as winter trailed off into spring, Margot allowed herself some indulgence in Rodney's congenial company. She told Jay Murray very often he must be the world's most thoughtful man; but Rodney told her, just as truly, that she and she spoke the same language.

"And that doesn't happen very often," he warned her. "So we can relax when we're together and be happy and sensible and selfish. No offence, dear."

"None taken," returned Margot appropriately. "But what are you leading up to?"

"Well, I'd like to know why you won't have dinner oftener with me, then."

"Because," said Margot with rueful but righteous regret, "if I were sensible, I wouldn't have dinner with you at all!"

"You're very fetching when you're prim," Rodney complimented her. "I believe you're the only woman I ever saw who could manage it. Try though they will," he added sympathetically.

"Rodney," said Margot, dimly perceiving how unfairly rewarding the wages of sin can be, "you know too much about women. If I were your wife—"

"If you were my wife—" Rodney

ney paused. He always did at that point. He had an inspired sense of balance; he never fell over into entangling statements.

"You're hopeless," Margot sighed.

"On the contrary, I never lose hope. I hope you'll have dinner with me again right away. Say Wednesday."

"Oh, I can't," said Margot with the air of one who has work to do refusing to go on a picnic.

On Wednesday she had promised to help Jay Murray entertain a company client who had come to town inconveniently complete with wife.

"Saturday, then?" Rodney was always spurred on by refusal.

"Maybe," said Margot. It was invigorating beyond benzadrine to feel she could cope so natively with two men as utterly different as Rodney and Jay Murray.

In fact, it made Jay's attitude of amused indulgence seem most incongruous.

"You came to the rescue like a little Saint Bernard," he assured her as he taxed her home after the outing with the visiting firemen.

He laughed, diverted in retrospect by the way Margot had cajoled his dull guests into responsiveness and something almost approaching animation. "How do you do it?" he said. "I guess I mean why do you do it?"

Affronted by the way his attitude reduced social skill to a cute trick, Margot decided to feel hurt. "Jay, you sound as though you thought it was wrong to try to make people like you. Isn't it pleasant—as long as you're with them?"

"Much. But Margot—" He stopped and looked at her, focusing intently in the darkness as though he saw her in a new perspective. "But, Margot, it seems to me it makes you very vulnerable."

For a tall girl she looked very small as he looked down at her. To a man endowed with a legacy from a dependent, widowed mother that provided he should associate the truly feminine with gentle, inexorable incompetence, Margot looked appealing in a way she never had before.

"I thought you'd be pleased," said

Gentlemen, Beware!

Continued from page 36

Margot. It seemed to her he could have paid her more tribute than to gloat at her protectively but inarticulately.

"I was," said Jay. "You were wonderful. And you looked very pretty, and I thank you very much." He kissed her cheek—chastely, but Margot was a little mollified, since he usually didn't kiss her at all. "You're a good child."

His voice was affectionate; it forgave her in detail because all her sins were pretty nice; a filigree designed to please and easy to forgive. Far easier to forgive than a lack of anything to be forgiven.

Margot could have cried. Her favorite reward wasn't adequate; it was disrupting to find it outgrown.

"It made me feel as though I weren't living up to myself," she confided dolefully to Nancy Welles next day at lunch. "When I think how differently Rodney—"

MARGOT'S voice trailed off in a vapor of doubt, and Nancy brightened up for the first time since they had fondly met and sharply examined each other at their only reunion since the winter week-end.

Nancy had finally come to town for a day's shopping and appeared in flat shoes to save her feet, a round felt hat on the back of her head.

"Darling," Margot had greeted her with compassionate love, "you look about fourteen! And I bet you've spent the whole morning buying spring clothes and things."

Taking this as a friendly warning that she was falling apart and looked like a hag, Nancy hurried to make it clear that her settled position in life made it unnecessary for her to rush around spending more than she could afford for purposes of allure.

"Not," she said stiffly, "unless you think I'm planning to do myself up for spring in size-four overalls and kitchen towels. I must say you look as though you'd been having lots of fun!"

Quickly grasping that Nancy

meant her late nights were showing around her eyes, Margot smiled a worldly smile that implied there was really more to life than kitchen towels. "Fun?" she said abstractedly. "Well, sort of—complicated fun."

"Darling," said Nancy, "you sound just like Madame X!"

Quietly depositing this in her grudge account, Margot solicitously urged Nancy to order something terrific for lunch. "Something you'd never dream of making at home."

Nancy perversely insisted on a health salad full of raw vegetables and remarked idly that Fred said every once in a while Jay Murray said something about having seen Margot.

"Aren't men the gossip?" remarked Margot affably.

"But, dear," Nancy beamed with unselfish delight, "I was so pleased for you!"

Remembering Nancy's alarmed reaction to her very first sign of interest in Jay Murray, Margot wasn't deceived for an instant. She thought it was natural, but small, for Nancy to be jealous because Jay was better off than Fred Welles.

But she failed to understand that Nancy could have borne to see her translated by millions to another sphere more easily than to see her sitting pretty in an income bracket right under her eye but out of her reach.

Nor did she understand that the distaff side of industry has a fierce sense of hierarchy and that the precedence Jay Murray's wife would take over her upset Nancy more than a hard-cash difference in salary.

"I was thrilled," went on Nancy, courageously biting the bullet. "Because, honestly, Margot, I was a little worried by the way you talked about that married man—"

"Oh—Rodney?" said Margot carelessly.

"Margot," Nancy breathlessly grasped at a straw of hope, "don't tell me you've gone on seeing him!"

"Well, I have," said Margot, and collapsed before a great need to confide in someone, even if it was her best friend.

Please turn to page 39



WAIT!
THAT GRAZE NEEDS
RAPID HEALING
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THE WOUND
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Use Vegemite every day. Use it to enrich all stews, soups and gravies; dissolve it in milk or water for a nourishing drink, and make

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3-year-old Eva Pan of South Yarra, Victoria, has modelled children's clothes in Rome and Sydney. Her mother says, "Eva loves Vegemite which, since she came to Australia, has become her favourite food."

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Recently, a leading American dental journal reported the results of exhaustive tests on tooth decay. In these tests, Colgate Dental Cream was used right after eating. Over a two-year period, both clinical and X-ray examinations showed that the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people—than ever before reported in all dentifrice history on tooth decay!

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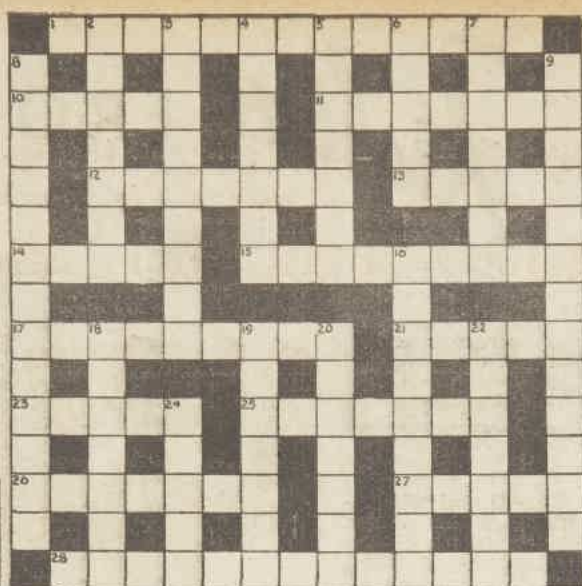
THE COLGATE WAY STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Came to a parrot. (Anag. 1, 2, 4, 1.)
2. I hope you will not worry.
3. In the future (9).
4. Blind alley led by a devil and a donkey (7).
5. Wanderers of disappointed bare arm (5).
6. Shining, concealing returned commun-
ist (3).
7. The legislator and the Spanish drive (5).
8. The backward forward and 1 count
time and trouble with fear (9).
9. Cold spiced meat can be prepared
from ash in rule (9).
10. Italian river like east and postu-
late (5).
11. Permeate (5).
12. Venture with an upset Muse inside (7).
13. Listeners are in a shaken cat carry-
ing coffin (7).
14. Storybook of mixed dogs before tea (4).
15. In secret ledger you are included (4, 7).

Solution to last week's crossword



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Poor cut (Anag. 7).
3. A sailor and a famous epistle writer
in waterproof cloth (9).
4. Oakley a reversed small room in a
small bed (7).
5. Publish again about a prospect (7).
6. Fleeting legislator in beer (5).
7. European country (7).
8. A beacon of beer and half of sound
of bells or little sought (1, 7, 9).
9. Barest thing of lifeless safety (4, 3).
10. Concealed a pound in reversed half
(8).
11. In a pond estimate balance (7).
12. In a position from which there is no
escape I am behind the times (7).
13. Lift up Bulgarian money before tea
in case (7).
14. Seem for supporting rails (7).
15. Thing that happens in an equally bal-
anced tea (3).

Gentlemen, Beware!

Continued from page 37

It was then that Nancy brightened, took heart at hearing Margot say that Jay Murray made her feel she wasn't living up to herself when compared to the larger horizons that Rodney unfolded before her.

"For instance, last night," pursued Margot. "I was glad to do Jay a favor, so I helped him entertain some man the company's interested in—Fred might know about him—and Jay seemed to appreciate it, but it's the way he has of—"

"That's one thing living out of town saves me from," Nancy's voice was metallic with control—"business entertaining."

"Oh, you'll probably have to do it—when Fred's promoted," said Margot obtusely.

"In a way," said Nancy judiciously, "I think I can understand you, dear. Of course, Fred thinks the world of Jay Murray, but I can imagine that compared to a fascinating—"

"Nancy," said Margot bleakly, "Rodney Peters is married. So it's selfish of Rodney to depend on me so," she added hastily, not caring to cast herself as a slave of hopeless love.

"Selfish," she repeated severely. "And some time I'll just stop seeing him and sympathizing with him. Jay's going out of town and I said I'd have dinner with Rodney on Saturday, but I don't think I will. It's time I just crossed it off. Piff," she made a decisive gesture. "Like that."

"Margot," Nancy fearfully took hope, "that doesn't sound like you!" She saw that Margot looked interested. She explained seriously, "Margot, the thing I've always loved so in you is that you're always so nice to everybody. I don't believe you could be unkind," she stated flatly.

Margot felt no temptation to deny it at the time and, thinking it over later, she knew how right Nancy was. It was true that Rodney expected too much of her, Jay Murray too little, but you had to play out the role life cast you in, and hers was the lead in a bitter-sweet comedy.

So at five o'clock on Saturday she put on a new dress printed all over with engaging little birds and flowers, and gently sweet, as she planned to be with Rodney at dinner; for, as Nancy also said, selfishness never pays in the long run.

Just as Margot started to fasten

her dress a plane roared in at LaGuardia. Out stepped Dinah Peters, back from the Bahamas a day ahead of time.

"She didn't let me know because she wanted to surprise me," Rodney Peters explained by telephone to Margot, barely half an hour later. His voice, to her disenchanted ear, sounded foolishly excited. "The crazy," he said sentimentally.

Crazy like a fox, though Margot grimly. She realised that Dinah Peters, the expert photographer, also knew how to focus Rodney's interest when it suited her.

"I knew you'd understand, Margot," said Rodney, with a slight suggestion of uncertainty.

"I understand—perfectly," Margot told him. "Good-bye, Rodney." It wasn't a dashing curtain line, but she hoped it would serve to announce the play was over.

Because she understood that she was sitting out on a limb—where the other woman always sat. She could hardly believe that fate was capable of pushing her into such an uncomfortable position, even with Nancy Welles' help.

UNLESS it was a matter of being cruel to be kind; to show her, before it was too late, that she was meant to be protected. That Jay Murray saw her truly, not belittlingly, as a sensitive child. Someone born to be sheltered from the world, not to compete with it like that hard type of woman who thinks she can manage everything, including photography, on the side.

"Well, Margot," said Jay Murray, coming into her small apartment on Monday night and taking up a lot of space in a comfortably masculine way, "how are things?"

"All right, I guess," said Margot. "Your voice sounds queer; what's wrong?"

"Well—" Margot hesitated. "Nothing really," she said bravely. "But I guess it upset me a little."

"Maybe you'd better tell me about it," said Jay Murray, coming nearer.

It was only something very small and silly, and not worth talking about. It was just that I had sort of a shock. I—was disappointed in someone. Someone I'd tried to help. Who expected more from me than—who expected too much."

Margot glanced pensively around the room, its best pieces garnered from her parents' house. Her eyes wandered from one piece to another; reminders of the climate of love and approval she had been born in, reminding her how much better a thing it is for women to be loved and forgiven than to struggle and strive.

"I imagine the someone was a he," observed Jay Murray. "It happened to be," said Margot. She didn't like his tone.

Jay Murray faced the light from a table lamp. It revealed the lines of controlled amusement around his firm mouth, a quizzical expression corrupting the still grey of his eyes.

"Jay," said Margot. Involuntarily but aptly her own eyes filled with tears. For a moment the stricture of panic closed her throat. Then she said incredulously, "Jay, you're laughing at me!"

"My darling child," he reacted quickly, "I wasn't laughing at you!" Nevertheless, she saw his mouth twitch. "I— It's just that I know how hard you always try to make your 'no' sound like 'yes,' and I could imagine that perhaps—"

"I'm such a fool," Margot indicated herself ruefully. She bent her head. She became all the timid loves, the girls with the delicate air that songs have praised: Sweet Alice and Sylvia, feebly with the light brown hair. "I'm such a fool, to go around being nice to people."

"You can't help it," said Jay Murray practically. Jay Murray smiled and stretched out his capable hands that were empty of anything to take care of, lonely for some responsibility to make him feel alive.

"Oh, Jay," said Margot, leaning at last on the wonderful breadth of his shoulders and reconciled with fate, "do you realise we might never have met if it hadn't been for that snowstorm?"

"And the Welles," pointed out Jay Murray, cherishing the pliant warmth that clung to him so dependently.

Margot smiled, fingered lovingly the expensively easy set of his lapel. "I can't wait," she whispered happily, "to tell Nancy!"

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Two attractive short-sleeved
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No. 367.—BOY'S SUIT
Inverted pleat and button-on pants
are features in this smart little boy's
suit. Cut out ready to make in
cesora in cream, maize, blue, green,
and grey. Separate colors may be
ordered for pants and shirt. Sizes:
Length 18in., 2yrs., price 12/11,
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price 14/3, postage 1/6. Length
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No. 368.—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK

Pleated skirt with dainty bodice
makes this pretty frock. It is cut out
ready to make in cesora in cream,
maize, pale pink, blue, and green.
Sizes: Length 19in., 3yrs., price



No. 369.—BIBS

Traced ready to embroider on rayon
crepe-de-chine, these bibs measure
8in. x 8in., and the colors are white,
pale blue, and pale pink. Price 1/-
each, postage 2½d. Set of three 2/9,
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No. 370.—JACKET AND NIGHTGOWN

A lovely little design cut out ready
to make in either cream flannelette
or cream cesora. Sizes: Infants to
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6/3, postage 1/6. Flannelette mat-
inee jacket 3/6, postage 1/6. Cesora
nightgown 14/11, postage 1/6. Ces-
ora matinee jacket 9/11, postage
1/6.

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In good quality British cotton in
blue, lemon, green, and natural, this
cushion-cover measures 18in. x 18in.
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Dress Sense

by
Betty Keep

A CAPELET as part of a
jacket-suit or a one-piece is
fashion news, and I have utilised
this style in suggesting
a bride's going-away
outfit.

Cape jacket

"I WOULD like your
assistance about a
style. I am being married
in late August, and the
design is for my going-
away outfit. I want some-
thing really smart, as we
are going to Melbourne
for the honeymoon and
I will be seeing numerous
friends."

A suit with a cape jacket would
be new and smart. Capelets are one
of the smartest ways to bring that
1950 look of above-the-waistline im-
portance without looking bulky.
Note velvet edge trimming in the
design illustrated. It is the smart
trium of the season.



CAPE is the main fashion feature
on jacket-suit with a slim skirt.

Horseshoe neckline

"AS I am being married for the
second time, I have decided on
a pastel crepe street-length frock.
I have chosen the skirt. It is rather
narrow. I can't decide on something
nice and becoming for the neckline
of the jacket. I have a good neck
and bustline."

French designer Christian Dior
calls his newest neckline "horse-
shoe," and I think it would be per-
fect for your crepe dress. The neck-
line, as the name suggests, is low
cut and open and bordered by a self
or contrast band.

All-purpose coat

"WOULD you please advise me
about my new winter coat? I
want a really good coat to do for
several seasons and don't want to
make a mistake about the style."

One of the worst fashion blunders
that numbers of women make is to
acquire an expensive coat without
thinking what types of clothes it is
mainly to be worn over. If your
coat is for general day wear and at
times to be worn late day, I advise
a semi-fitting or modified tent type
finished with a largish collar and
cuffed sleeves. The collar can be
worn up round your ears or lying
flat. Color is important. Pick the
one most flattering to your eyes and
hair in the following list—caramel-
beige, violet-blue, yellow, or red.
Do not have black.

Suit change

"MY black woollen suit is still in
good condition, but I would
like to change it in some way. The
jacket is tailored, with cuffs and
pocket flaps in self material."

Why not, if the suit is in good
order, have an extra skirt made in
black-and-white houndstooth check,
and cuffs, collar, and pocket flaps in
matching material?

• Although it is not possible
for me to answer individually
letters which arrive from every
State on fashion problems, I try
to deal with those of interest to
the greatest number of readers.
If you have a dress problem I
can help you with, write to
me, addressing your letters to
Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian
Women's Weekly, Box 4088,
G.P.O., Sydney.

Add a scarf

"I HAVE a new dark suit, made
with a jacket that has a low-
cut neckline. With it I wear a
tailored blouse under the jacket, but
would like a suggestion from you
for something a little more dressy."

My suggestion is to wear the
jacket minus a blouse and use a
white silk chiffon scarf for the fill-
in. Pin a cluster of colored car-
nations low at the neckline opening.
Wear white gloves, navy shoes and
handbag, plus a tiny hat in navy
felt.

Success of checks

"DO you think a small black-and-
white check wool would be
suitable and smart for a suit I am
having made in late winter? Also,
would you advise a narrow skirt-
line?"

Yes, I certainly do. The success
of checks for spring is already estab-
lished abroad. Check plus white
accents and checks combined with a
solid colored skirt are both excellent
new fashions. Have the jacket sil-
houetted with a slightly rounded hip-
line and the skirt narrow enough to
require the hemline slit. The
slim skirt has been endorsed by
most designers.

Bonnet effect

"I WONDER if you would help me
in a dress matter to do with a
wedding. I am being a bridesmaid
to my sister in October, and want
a suggestion for a pretty hat. I'm
wearing a street-length frock in rose-
pink organdie, and having black ac-
cessories. I have fair hair and blue
eyes. My hair is not extra short,
and rather wavy."

To wear with your rose organdie
dress I suggest a black crinoline
straw for a sheer cap, finished with
a pleated frill of the same straw at
the sides and back. The frill will
form a bonnet effect to frame your
face, and will look really pretty. For
the trim, place two pink roses at
the side front.

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FROM
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ONLY



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P21-12

IT'S PARTY TIME!

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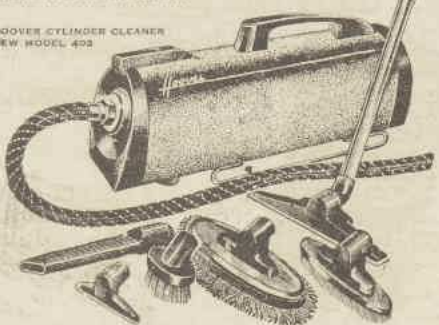
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1 cup s.f. flour;
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1½ cups rolled oats;
½ cup shortening;
1 cup brown sugar;
1 teaspoon vanilla;
1 egg;
½ cup milk;
1 cup chopped dates;
½ cup chopped nuts.

Sift flour and salt, add rolled oats. Cream shortening and sugar. Add vanilla and egg, beat well; add dry ingredients alternately with milk. Add dates and nuts. Bake in large, flat, well-greased tin in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Sprinkle sugar on top when hot. Cut in bars.

A crisp "spread" cookie that keeps longer, because of "Aerophos"

USE ONLY SELF RAISING FLOUR
that contains

"AEROPHOS"

the Double Acting



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INGREDIENT

GEN. 12,928



WHEN Ava Gardner and Joan Fontaine paid a visit recently to "The Secret Fury" set at R.K.O., they were caught by the photographer enjoying a big laugh with Robert Ryan.

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ When Willie Comes
Marching Home

DAN DAILEY joins the Army so that he can come marching home in the role of Willie Kluggs, small-town patriot and potential hero, whose frustrated efforts to get into the shooting war provide the snatches of home-spun humor in this Fox film.

The gag of the hapless G.I. strains to breaking point more than once, but the pace picks up again when the unexpected happens and Kluggs replaces the "belly" gunner aboard an aircraft heading for England.

Ordered to parachute out of the plane, Dailey ends up in France with Corinne Calvet and French Resistance workers, who send him back to England with information on Nazi rockets for the Allied Command.

Having become a personage of sorts, as the first eye-witness of the war weapon, it is something of an anti-climax when officialdom forbids disclosure of his adventures, but Dan comes into his own in the fade-out.

On this occasion Dailey does no dancing and sings only once, in company with Colleen Townsend, but his light-comedy work is good, and he is well supported by a large cast, in which William Demarest and Evelyn Varden excel as Mom and Pa Kluggs.

In Sydney—the Plaza.

★ Sword in the Desert

PRESENTING the case for Jews in Palestine—that trouble spot of the Middle East under British mandate—via the screen takes some doing, even by Hollywood assembly-line experts.

Labelled anti-British and controversial, Universal's "Sword in the Desert" neither fills those descriptions nor excites respect for a sincere try, largely due to the policy adopted of passing too easily over prickly patches and being continuously over-impartial.

Dana Andrews appears as an American sea-captain, who is not above turning a dishonest dollar by ferrying prohibited persons to the coast. Against him will be caught up in the hostilities, takes part in the rescue of the Jewish leader (Jeff Chandler), has a complete change of heart, and promises to return—apparently with more refugees.

Nordic Marta Toren and Stephen McNally as a pair of acrimonious undergrounders, who also provide the romantic interest, are not inspiring in run-of-the-mill roles.

With Arabs relegated to the level of nomadic comics, it is merciful that the British Command is not recreated as a group of cheerio-pip-pip juveniles.

In Sydney—the Lyceum.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

★ The Reckless Moment

THE wind-tossed atmosphere of Balboa Island adds to the uneasy undercurrents of Columbia's adaptation of Elizabeth Sanxay Holding's dramatic thriller. It concerns the accidental killing of a man by the hysterical daughter of a woman who goes to all lengths to protect her name.

Joan Bennett gives an urgent, convincing, and at the same time matter-of-fact performance as Lucia Harper, the harassed mother of Geraldine Brooks, whose affair with unsavory Shepperd Strudwick ends disastrously. To top off everything, blackmailers move in with a bundle of love-letters written by the girl, following police discovery of the body.

If you are a filmgoer who enjoys immense attention to detail in production, direction, and the working out of the film-plot, you will find all those devices in "The Reckless Moment."

A story twist has James Mason playing an anomalous blackmailer, who removes the menace to Lucia and family in a finale car-crash. Mason's ability as an actor rivets interest in the character of Martin Donnelly, but it is not a rewarding assignment.

In Sydney—the Esquire.

★ A Kiss for Corliss

THIS further episode in the life of Corliss Archer, America's typical teenager, is motivated by the spirit of inconsequential fun, homey sentiment, and quaint conceits peculiar to most of its ilk. No doubt the younger fry will enjoy it.

Shirley Temple plays the title role with all the stops pulled out, and is ever so cute in keeping up a lively feud with boy-friend-next-door, Darryl Hickman, with the help of girl-friend, Virginia Welles.

To fan the flame of his jealousy, Corliss writes pages of drivel in her diary about much-divorced play-boy, David Niven, is plunged into all sorts of disagreements with her irate lawyer father, Tom Tully, in consequence, and almost has to marry the Casanova.

You will probably not be surprised to learn that she doesn't. A free-for-all on the Archer front lawn settles the affair on a noisy note.

In Sydney—the Mayfair.

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"PAH, THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE HORRID PEOPLE OF MECHANA, OUR NEIGHBORS," SAYS DR. FLOREL. "TELL ME NOT OF MACHINES, BUT OF LOVE."—"ER, WE WERE PLANNING TO VISIT MECHANA, AFTER WE LEAVE HERE," SAYS MANDRAKE, HURRIEDLY CHANGING THE SUBJECT.



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Premiere of "Bitter Springs"



TOMMY (Tommy Trinder) and
Charlie (Nicky Yardley) are held
captive in a hollow tree by
aborigines in this shot from
"Bitter Springs."

British movie makes heroes of aboriginal tribesmen

Because "Bitter Springs," Ealing's Australian film, was made at Quorn, South Australia, the studio chose Adelaide for the world premiere last Friday.

Characterised by traditional film glamor and pomp, the event was given added importance by the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, accepting an invitation to be present.

DIRECTED by Ralph Smart from the screen-play by author-playwright W. P. Lipscomb, the international cast of actors includes comedian Tommy Trinder and Gordon Jackson, with Chips Rafferty, Jean Blue, Michael Pate, Charles Tingwell, Nonnie Piper, and Nicky Yardley.

Quorn, in South Australia, was picked as the location area because Warren's Gorge, in the Flinders Ranges, had everything required by the script, from towering red cliffs and forest giants to waterholes, wild game, and mountain backdrops.

Aboriginal men, women, and children appearing in "Bitter Springs" received high praise from director Ralph Smart, who describes them as intelligent, with a natural aptitude for acting.

The story begins about the year 1900 with Wally King (Chips Rafferty) leaving Adelaide with a government grant of 1000 square miles of rich grassland in "the centre"—600 miles inland, beyond desolate desert.

He is accompanied by his wife (Jean Blue), son John (Charles Tingwell), and daughter Emma (Nonnie Piper). Black Jack, their aboriginal hand, tails the horses.

In the last outpost of civilisation they pick up a Cockney vaudevilian, Tommy (Tommy Trinder), who is basking his way round the country, his son Charlie (Nicky Yardley), and a Scots carpenter, Mac (Gordon Jackson).

Halfway across the desert they run out of water but are saved from turning back by meeting Mounted Trooper Ransome (Michael Pate), who directs them to a dried creek-bed where they can get water.

Ransome bitterly assails the government for granting the Karagarni

waterhole to the King family, and asks Wally what he intends to do about the tribe which has lived around it for a thousand years.

As he points out, three approaches are open—"shove 'em off," "ease 'em out gently," or "take 'em with you."

Inevitable clashes between the whites and Karagarni and Warra-gurni tribesmen over precious water-holes seesaw back and forth until Black Jack, realising the futility of the battle and the ultimate penalty the tribes must pay if whites are killed, brings hostilities to an end.

Finally Ransome tells King that he has orders to clear the tribe off King's land, but Wally says, "I've tried easing 'em out and shoving 'em off—now I'll try taking 'em with me."

The finale, a year later, shows the tribe as stockmen and drovers working the King range.



MR. and MRS. WALLY KING
(Chips Rafferty and Jean Blue)
look over the land on arrival at
Bitter Springs.



JOHN KING (Charles Tingwell) and Mac (Gordon Jackson) argue over the way to treat the natives when Mac begins to see the aboriginal problem from Trooper Ransome's viewpoint.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 1, 1950

Starring in British films



• VALERIE HOBSON, who stars with John Mills in his dramatic production "The Rocking Horse Winner."



• JEAN SIMMONS (above), seen here in a chic strapless cocktail dress, stars in Gainsborough's "So Long at the Fair" with Dirk Bogarde.



• ANN TODD (left) wearing one of the many beautiful period costumes designed for "Madeleine," directed by her husband, David Lean.



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1 WATCHING television quiz showman Happy Hogan (Art Linkletter), intellectual Beauregard Bottomley (Ronald Colman) and musician sister Gwen (Barbara Britton) regard him as threat to American intelligence.



2 CLASH of temperament and no job are result when Beauregard interviews soap tycoon and quiz sponsor Burnbridge Waters (Vincent Price).

CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESAR



THIS film is a light and frothy United Artists comedy lampooning radio-quiz shows which give away multiple prizes.

In his first screen appearance in several years, Ronald Colman enacts the role of a student who, when visiting a soap factory for a job, is insulted by the head man, and by way of revenge goes on the company's quiz-show with a plan to wreck the soap empire by running his winnings up to forty million dollars—the estimated worth of the organisation.

He is within an ace of succeeding, but the human element and romance enter proceedings, and the real payoff comes in happiness and a lifelong supply of champagne for the family parrot, Caesar, a wicked old bird who tipsles on anything alcoholic.



3 APPEARANCE by Beauregard zooms sales. Waters is scared when Gwen tells Hogan that her brother is planning to win forty million.

4 DAZED by Waters' cute hireling, Flame O'Neil (Celeste Holm), he admits failure to master Einstein.



5 ASTONISHMENT and suspicion of Flame are aroused when, competing for twenty-million dollars or nothing, Einstein question is asked. Beauregard is surprisingly saved by Einstein telephoning that answer is right.



6 HAPPILY reconciled, Beauregard asks Flame to elope. She prefers to wait, as does Hogan when approached by Gwen. Both Bottomleys suspect worst.



7 QUIZ-NIGHT and super-colossal jackpot question is "Beauregard Bottomley, what is your social security number?" For forty million he gives his answer . . . wrong.



8 CHAMPAGNE for Caesar the parrot is revealed as only deal Beauregard made with Waters as consideration for missing the question. His happiness is complete with Flame and Gwen's with Happy Hogan.

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By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

Walt Disney's newest movie heroine is the beautiful fairy-tale princess, Cinderella.

WITH the completion of his first feature-length, all-cartoon production since his beloved "Snow White," in 1938, Disney himself says, "I'll miss Cinderella, now that she's gone."

A new group of cute animal friends have been specially created to bring to forlorn Cinderella comfort and delight in this technicolor fantasy—a floppy dog named Bruno, gallant field mice, a sympathetic horse, and choral birds.

There is also a sassy black cat called Lucifer, but he's the pampered pet of Cinderella's mean step-mother, and not always a friend.

Scheduled to show at theatres around the world, in a minimum of nine and possibly eleven languages, Disney and his team of drawing-board geniuses, who drew their young lady of fantasy on 1,430,420 squares of celluloid, and put them all together in order to have a movie called "Cinderella," look upon it as their most impressive accomplishment.



RED-HEADED Helen Stanley, who modelled for Cinderella during every scene in the picture, demonstrates a pose to the author. In her hand she holds a drawing which Walt Disney made for the movie.

Six years went into the making of "Cinderella," more time than that devoted to any of Disney's fifteen previous full-length features.

And of all these it is only his second fairy-tale with princes and witches and persecuted young beauties. The other was the memorable "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

His newest movie heroine was adapted from the story of the cinder-girl set down 300 years ago by a French author, Charles Perrault, in his "Cendrillon."

Cinderella has been Disney's favorite ever since the days when Mickey Mouse first hopped from his drawing-board and into the Hollywood limelight.

The cartoonist waited, however, through his 27 years in Hollywood because, he says, "I wanted to do my young beauty justice."

He almost waited too long. The studio staff of 500 workers, cartoonists, animators, and technicians was depleted to a skeleton crew in 1941, when World War II broke out, and the best that could be done during four years of fighting was to supply the armed forces with simple training films.

In 1945 Disney's aides began returning to the studio gates, received new passes, and once more went to their drawing-boards. The time was ripe, and the pet story project was taken from a dusty vault.

First of all a search was launched to find a young actress to model for the cartoon Cinderella. A hundred girls were interviewed, photographed, and given brief screen tests. Finally a beautiful 19-year-old redhead named Helen Stanley was selected as the model, and a radio singer named Ilene Woods won the chance to become Cinderella's voice.



HAVING received the admonition to return home by midnight, Cinderella rides in her coach through the town to the illuminated castle where Prince Charming is host to a group of would-be brides. Among them are Cinderella's two homely step-sisters. The Prince and Cinderella fall in love at first sight.



THE CARTOON Cinderella preparing breakfast for her domineering stepmother and stepsisters, under the sympathetic and hopeful eyes of one of her animal friends, the hound, Bruno.



THE BALLROOM scene in which both Prince Charming and Cinderella fall in love. The rejected maidens and their chaperons stand about in awe as the couple prepare to start the first dance.

When she reported for her first day's work, Helen Stanley was a 16-year-old who, like the character she was to model, had a cream-clear complexion, a demure expression, and a charming manner. But she had red hair and green eyes. Would this do for the movie Cinderella?

Cartoonists began experimenting. To be sure, Disney's was not the first Cinderella the screen was to present, but even with four previous movie versions of the heroine, no accepted pattern had been presented. Nobody remembers how she looked in the 1903 movie tableaux made by French film pioneer George Melies.

Mary Pickford had a fling at the fairy-tale romance before she became America's sweetheart.

A three-reel, 88-scene "Cinderella" was made by producer William Selig, and still another version was made in Germany.

Meantime, a crew of writers set about developing the story recorded by Perrault. The conventional glass slipper that led Prince Charming to its wearer was retained, although in the Perrault tale the slipper was of fur. The romantic love theme was kept, too, but, true to himself, Disney added some new animal characters synonymous with his fame—birds, mice, a dog, a cat, and a horse. But not even time has changed the principal characters.

It was three years after she was selected to model for Cinderella that Helen Stanley sat in the Disney studio commissary opposite me and, between dainty bites becoming to a

twentieth-century Cinderella, told me her story.

"It really wasn't difficult at all," she said. "Just long and drawn out. I worked for a year and a half, just like an actress in a real movie, playing the part of Cinderella."

And what of Cinderella's voice? Twenty-four-year-old Ilene Woods is still in Hollywood, where she is the singer millions of American radio-listeners hear on Jack Carson's comedy programme.

Disney himself says he thinks "Our Cinderella" is a very convincing girl. The Prince was the most diffi-

cult. He had to be handsome, like the one in "Snow White," only different—just as was the case with Cinderella.

"The picture gave us plenty of latitude, actually. It hasn't the tradition behind that of our next ventures like 'Alice in Wonderland' and 'Peter Pan' will have, but we think that our characters in 'Cinderella' are believable and still within the realm of a cartoon fantasy. And, do you know—I am almost sorry to have the work all done.

"I'll miss Cinderella, now that she's gone."



THE FAIRY GODMOTHER, with a wave of her wand, converts a plain pumpkin into a golden coach for Cinderella. In the foreground are the heroine's ingenious little friends, the field mice, who are transformed into horses to transport the coach to the castle.



AT MIDNIGHT, Cinderella scurries from the castle and loses her glass slipper on the staircase.



UNDER the Prince's orders, the Duke scours the countryside using the glass slipper as a means of identifying Cinderella. Her stepmother breaks the shoe saved by the Duke, but Cinderella fits on its mate.



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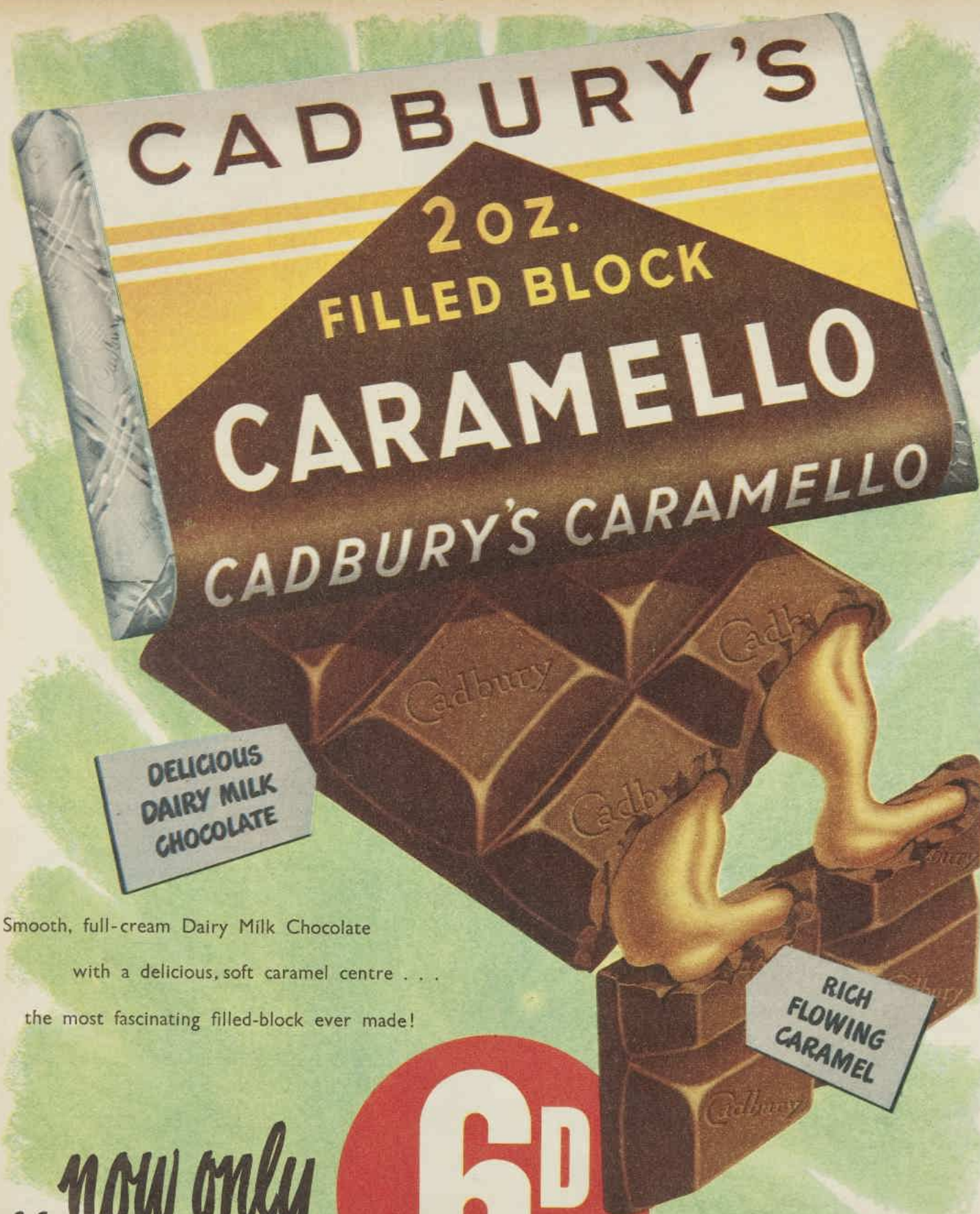


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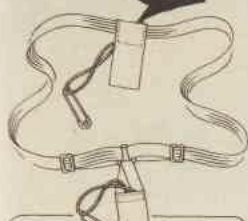
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COLOSEPTIC

FOR BETTER INTERNAL CLEANNES

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Brush-up for beauty



A SOFT-BRISTLED BRUSH for the skin, rightly used, is an ideal way to smooth over rough spots and produce a glow over the whole area.

As a beauty-aid the brush has so caught popular fancy that now-a-days it is considered smart to keep a special brush for grooming the skin, as well as for the hair, teeth, nails, and putting the final finish to lip and eye make-up.

A complexion brush is a beauty utensil that cannot be overrated for special cases. Skin brushing will scale off dead particles, stir up circulation to a rosy glow, and bring finer texture to skin wherever it has taken on a rough and darkish appearance.

The shoulders, back, upper arms, the kneecaps, and backs of the heels are potential treatment areas.

You can usually make goose-pimples on the back and arms disappear by scrubbing gently with soap and brush, followed by lots of hand lotion. If results are not all they might be, substitute a palmful of salt over the skin while it is wet.

Use a brush with soft bristles, with one of the emulsion soaps or lathery pastes, with the deep, rotary motion that is so important in clearing up an under-par complexion.

An oily skin and a spotty complexion are often a teenage misery. If you are a victim of spots and lifeless-looking skin, remember that cleanliness is an important factor in clearing it up. Cleanliness not only of the face, but of the hands, and any article with which contact is made.

Another good external treatment is the nightly application of cleansing grains—a granular preparation that dissolves to paste and cleans while it stimulates the blood supply—to carry off under-surface poisons.

To say the hairbrush has a big job probably sounds like a Greek chorus, it's been repeated so often, but it is true for all that.

The two rules for healthy hair are (1) good circulation and (2) cleanliness. Brushing and scalp massage each day plus a shampoo at ten-to-fourteen day intervals are usually enough to keep a normal head of hair in top condition.

Make a point of parting your hair in several places and brush it, step by step, all over. Then brush outward from the scalp, drawing the hair out to its full length in all directions, on first one side and then the other, of each strand of hair. Finally brush your hair into the

lines of your hair-style, flourishing its curls and pressing in the waves with the fingers.

It is not considered the most rewarding idea to wash the hair when you have a case of winter sniffles.

As an emergency measure you can give yourself a dry shampoo, though, by parting your hair all over and shaking talcum powder into the partings, then brush solidly. The powder will absorb dust and oil, make the locks look clean and fluffy.

But you must be sure to remove all powder traces, otherwise it will blur the natural hair sheen, and that's just as irritating as end-of-shampoo dullness.

And, by the way, to get maximum comfort with the minimum effort from your short hair-do, see to it that your hair is parted off in the way that comes naturally to it.

The "good" side for a parting depends on the direction in which it swirls around the crown of the head, as any hairdresser will confirm. Follow the direction of swirl and your hair will stay put longer and be much easier to handle.

Recognising that a hairbrush is a long-lasting beauty treatment, have at least two, and alternate them so that one is always speckless, and for sleek upkeep carry a sliver of brush in the handbag to brush, rather than comb, the hair-do into place.

Dentists love to tell you the way to use a toothbrush. If you want to hang on to your teeth through middle-age it's well worth fussing about the brushes you use and the technique employed, for the majority of people do not remove all food particles even when they scrub their teeth.

Two firm brushes are better than one, should be rinsed carefully in cold water after each use, and hung up to dry.

A brush should reach all surfaces of the teeth and get between the spaces as well for thorough clearance. Another brief routine to add to regular brush drill concerns the use of those toothpick-like cleaners (any chemist has them).

The flat edge is inserted between the teeth and pressed against the gum until it whitens. Release, let the blood come back, then press again all around the upper and lower jaws between each pair of teeth.

This is given as one of the best methods to help maintain circulation, keep gums healthy, and defeat decay of the teeth.

She made an old room new again



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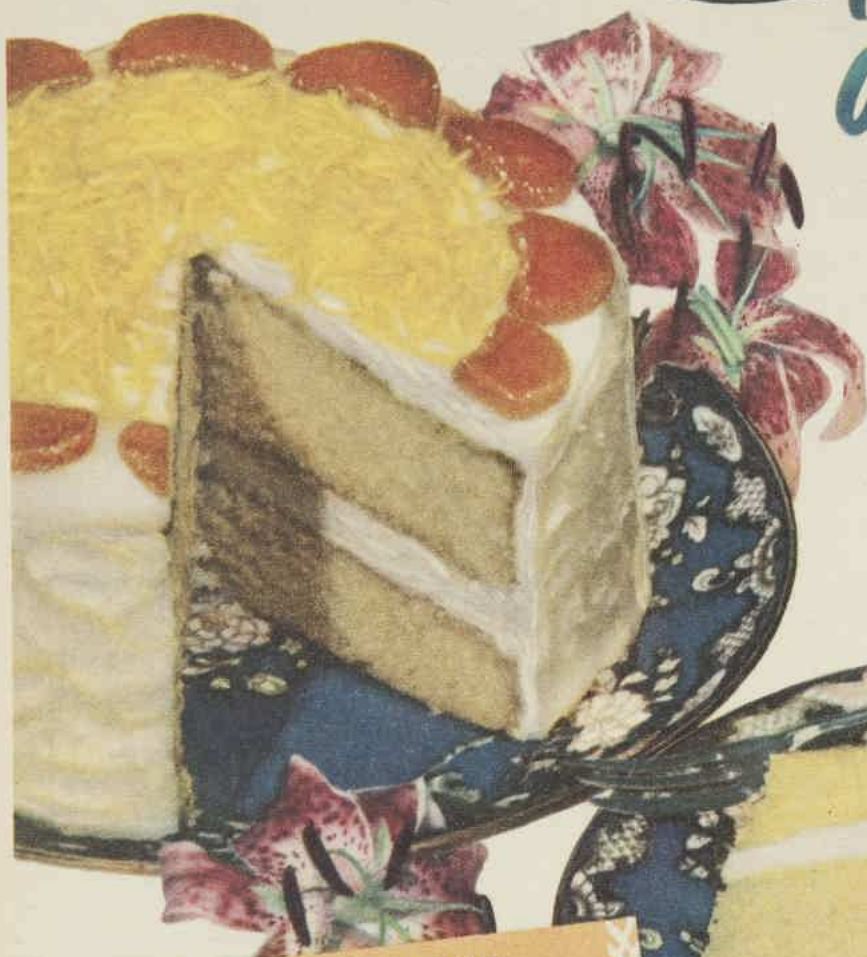
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COPHA'S MELT'N'MIX *Orange Cake*

4 ozs. Copha
3 eggs
3 tablespoons orange juice
Grated rind 1 orange
2 tablespoons milk
1 level teaspoon salt
8 ozs. sugar
8 ozs. self-raising flour

Have ready 2 deep 7-inch sandwich tins. Place the Copha in a saucepan. Put all the other ingredients (except half the flour) all in together in a mixing bowl.

Now Melt! Melt Copha over gentle heat. It should be barely warm—not hot. When melted pour it over the contents of the mixing bowl.

And Mix! Beat for 5 minutes with a rotary beater, or 8 minutes with a wooden spoon. Add the remaining flour and beat 1 minute longer.

Now you're ready for baking: Divide the mixture between the 2 sandwich tins and bake 30-35 min. in a moderate oven. (350°F. gas; 400°F. electric). When cool, fill and ice with Orange Frosting. (For a party dressing-up, lavish with yellow-tinted shredded coconut, gemmed with orange slice candies.)

ORANGE FROSTING

4 level tablespoons Copha, 3 cups sifted icing sugar, grated rind of 1 orange, about 3 tablespoons orange juice.

Cream Copha and orange rind, add icing sugar and orange juice alternately until thick and creamy.

More melt'n'mix recipes in the Copha Cook Book.

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WHAT SHALL I COOK TODAY?

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COPHA for all your cooking



THIS is not a complete dinner menu, but our picture suggests ways of using red and green apples in sweet and savory dishes, such as mulligatawny soup, baked pork chops with apple dressing, stuffed baked apples, apple and celery salad in apple cups, and cold baked apples filled with lemon chiffon. See recipes on this page.

roll each piece thinly. Place an apple on each and mould dough lightly over apple. Place in shallow ovenware dish, add butterscotch syrup made by combining all ingredients and heating gently until well mixed. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate and cook a further 25 to 30 minutes until apples are tender when tested. Two or three times during cooking baste apple dumplings with the butterscotch syrup.

APPLE AND CELERY SALAD IN APPLE CASES

Six medium-sized red apples, 1 1/2 cups diced celery, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red pepper, 1 teaspoon finely chopped or grated onion, 1/2 cup cooked green peas, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 4 tablespoons mayonnaise, lemon juice, lettuce leaves, cucumber slices, tomato wedges, hard-boiled eggs, celery curls.

Wash and dry apples. Cut a slice from top of each; remove cores and sufficient pulp to leave cases with walls about 3-8 in. thick. Dice apple pulp and place in a basin. Moisten at once with mayonnaise to prevent discoloration. Add celery, diced red pepper, onion, peas, parsley, salt, and cayenne pepper. Fill into apple cases which have been brushed with lemon juice inside to preserve color. Arrange on lettuce leaves on serving platter; garnish with cucumber, tomato, quartered hard-boiled eggs, and celery curls.

BAKED PORK CHOPS WITH APPLE DRESSING

Four pork loin chops, 3 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red pepper (may be omitted), 1/2 cup grated apple, and 1 egg-yolk to moisten.

Slit skin of chops with knife or kitchen scissors to preserve flat shape during cooking. Place in a baking-dish with small quantity hot fat and bake steadily until browned on one side. Turn over, top with seasoning made by mixing all ingredients together. Continue baking until meat is tender and seasoning crisped and lightly browned on top. Serve piping hot with vegetables.

APPLE JELLY

Two pounds slightly under-ripe apples, water, sugar, lemon juice.

Wash, dry, and slice apples (unpeeled and uncored). Place in preserving pan, barely cover with water. Cook gently without lid until fruit is quite soft, about 30 to 40 minutes. When cold, strain through colander, then through flannel jelly-bag. Avoid squeezing bag; squeezing will cause cloudiness. Measure juice and allow 1 cup of sugar and 1 dessertspoon of lemon juice to each cup of juice. Do not allow jelly to boil until sugar is quite dissolved. Boil rapidly, removing scum as it rises, until mixture "jells" when tested on a cold saucer. Strain again through jelly-bag, bottle into clean, dry, heated jars. Seal and label when cold.

Continued on page 54

Page 53

IN every dish from soup to sweets, apples can provide the dominant flavor. Red or green skinned apples, large and juicy, or small and sweet, they never lose their popularity as a fresh fruit or as a cooking ingredient.

Cooked or uncooked apples have a valuable place in the diet.

Eaten raw, they stimulate the gums and act as a natural laxative; this makes them an ideal breakfast fruit, especially for children.

Try these sweet and savory apple recipes, you'll like them.

Remember all spoon measurements are level.

MULLIGATAWNY SOUP

Two pints meat or vegetable stock, 2 apples, 2 small onions, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 table-spoon chutney, 2 small potatoes, 1/2 dessertspoons salt, 1 teaspoon

Apples...

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

sugar, 1 tablespoon curry powder, parsley to garnish.

Brown sliced onions and apples in hot fat. Stir in curry powder, stock, grated potato, grated carrot, salt. Simmer half hour. Rub through sieve or coarse strainer, thicken with blended flour. Simmer 5 minutes longer. Add chutney and lemon juice. Serve very hot, garnished with parsley.

SAVORY BAKED APPLES

(Delicious served with roast pork instead of the usual apple sauce.)

Six small or medium-sized red

apples, salt, pepper, cooked sweet potato, grated lemon rind, breadcrumbs, grated cheese, butter, parsley.

Wash and dry apples, cut a slice from top. Remove cores and sufficient pulp to make cases with walls about 3-8 in. thick. Stand in dish with small quantity of water. Dust inside with salt and pepper. Bake in moderate oven until apples are just tender. While still-hot, fill with well-mashed sweet potato flavored with lemon rind, salt, and pepper. Top with soft breadcrumbs mixed

with an equal quantity of grated cheese. Dot with butter, place under grill or (if filling is cold) in hot oven until topping is lightly browned. Serve hot, garnish with parsley.

Note: Apples may be prepared in the same way and filled with cooked peas. See color photograph.

BUTTERSCOTCH APPLE DUMPLINGS

Four medium-sized cooking apples, 4 small, thin curls of lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 6oz. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 3oz. good shortening, water.

Butterscotch Syrup: 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 3 tablespoons water.

Peel and core apples. Fill centres with brown sugar and butter and a curl of lemon rind. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, rub in shortening. Mix to a dry dough with small quantity of water. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Cut into four,



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HERE is this week's £5 prize-winner—the veal loaf encrusted with creamy, onion-flavored potato. See recipe.

A NOURISHING and satisfying veal loaf captures main prize of £5 this week.

Served with fried pineapple slices and Brussel's sprouts this loaf makes an ideal dinner dish.

The onion-flavored potato covering adds to the appearance of the loaf as well as increasing the nutritive value and the flavor interest. Family and guests will vote it tops.

Consolation prizes this week are awarded to unusual chestnut cutlets and a wholesome bran health loaf.

These readers' favorites will soon become popular with your family and friends, and would make worthy additions to your recipe files.

VEAL LOAF

Two pounds veal steak, 1lb. pickled pork flap, salt and pepper, 1 cup milk, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 small onion, grated, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 3 cups mashed creamed potato, extra 1 teaspoon grated onion, salt and pepper.

Heat milk, pour over breadcrumbs, allow to stand 10 minutes. Mince veal and pork, add onion, lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste, soaked breadcrumbs, and beaten egg. Mix well. Fill into well-greased loaf-tin 8 1/2 in. x 4 in., and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) approximately 1 1/2 hours. Allow to stand 1/2-hour before turning on to flat oven-tray. Coat completely with creamed potato flavored with extra onion and salt and pepper. Return to hot oven to lightly brown potato. Serve sliced with fried pineapple slices and Brussels sprouts.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Davidson, "Silvermere," 50 Camberwell Street, Victoria Park, W.A.

BRAN HEALTH LOAF

Eight ounces wholemeal flour (not self-raising), 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 dessertspoon cream of tartar, 1 dessertspoon treacle, 1/2 cup boiling water, 1/2 cup cold water.

Combine flour, bran, sifted bicarbonate of soda, and cream of tartar. Add treacle and sugar to boiling water, stir until dissolved. Add to dry ingredients with milk; mix well. Fill into well-greased nut-roll tins (mixture is sufficient for 2 or 3 rolls, depending on size of tins). Bake in moderate oven (325deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) for 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Cool on cake-cooler, serve in slices topped with margarine or butter and a savory filling or cream cheese and dates.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. D. Stewart, 7 Buckingham Road, Killara, N.S.W.

CHESTNUT CUTLETS

Four ounces chestnuts, 2oz. fresh breadcrumbs, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1/2 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice, salt and pepper, egg glazing, browned crumbs, fat for frying, tomato sauce.

Cover chestnuts with cold water, bring to boiling point. Boil until skins split. Drain and remove skins, chop nuts finely. Melt margarine or butter in pan, stir in flour, cook gently 2 minutes without allowing to brown. Stir in milk, continue stirring until mixture boils and thickens. Add nuts, onion, breadcrumbs, parsley, and salt and pepper to taste; stir well. Allow to cool, then shape into cutlets (about 4 or 5) with floured hands. Coat with beaten egg and browned crumbs. Fry until golden-brown in sizzling fat. Garnish with parsley and serve with tomato sauce.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Cox, Ellesmere, Scottsdale, Tas.

APPLES

Continued from page 53

LEMON CHIFFON APPLES

Four or five red-skinned apples, 1 teaspoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, water, extra 1 tablespoon margarine or butter and extra 1/2 cup brown sugar.

Lemon Chiffon: 2 teaspoons gelatine, 3 dessertspoons cold water, 2 eggs, 2-3rd cup sugar, 1-3rd cup lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch salt, whipped cream and cherries.

Wash and dry apples, cut a slice from top of each. Remove cores and fill core cavities with extra butter creamed with extra brown sugar. Stand apples in ovenware dish, add margarine or butter, brown sugar, and sufficient water to just cover bottom of dish. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) until apples are just tender but not broken. Baste frequently during cooking time with the caramel syrup from dish. Allow apples to become quite cold. Prepare chiffon filling.

Lemon Chiffon: Soak gelatine in cold water. Combine beaten egg-yolks, half the sugar, lemon juice, and salt. Cook over boiling water until thickened. Add gelatine, stir until dissolved. Add lemon rind, stir while cooling over bowl of ice. When cool, fold in egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with remaining sugar. Continue beating until mixture begins to hold its shape. Fill quickly into apples, chill until set. Decorate with cream and cherries.

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Something different for Dinner!

It's not always easy to provide variety in the menu without going to a lot of trouble — and, often, considerable expense. Here are some easy — and economical — Maxam suggestions for Dinner dishes that make a nice change — dishes that tempt the eye, please the palate, and satisfy the appetite! Just try them!



MAXAM CHEESE & BACON PIE

Required:—5 ozs. Maxam Cheese; 3 rashers bacon; 1 small onion; 2 eggs; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk; 1 teaspoon shortening; chopped parsley; breadcrumbs; salt and pepper.

Method:—Remove rind from bacon; steep in boiling water for 5 minutes, then drain and dry. Chop onion and bacon finely and fry in pan with shortening until crisp. Beat eggs, then add milk, salt, pepper and chopped parsley to them. Line a greased pie dish with thin slices of cheese. Put in onion and bacon mixture, then eggs and milk mixture. Cover top with sliced cheese and bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Serve with grilled tomatoes and green peas.



MAXAM CHEESE & POTATO PUFFS

Required:—3 tablespoons chopped tomato; 4 tablespoons Maxam Cheese (grated); 2 cups cold mashed potatoes; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour; 1 teaspoon baking powder; 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley; salt and pepper.

Method:—Mix together the tomato and cheese and season with pepper and salt. Sift flour and baking powder, and add the cold mashed potato and chopped parsley. Mix well to make a firm dough. Turn out on a floured board, roll out to about $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick and cut into 3-inch squares. Place a little cheese and tomato mixture on each square. Moisten edges and fold over to form triangle, pressing edges well together. Drop into large quantity of boiling fat and fry to a golden brown (about 6 minutes). Drain on paper and garnish with parsley. Serve with fish, or as a savoury.



MAXAM CHEESE SOUFFLE

Required:—4 ozs. Maxam Cheese (grated); 3 eggs; 2 tablespoons margarine or butter; 2 tablespoons flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of hot milk; 1 teaspoon salt; a little cayenne.

Method:—Melt Margarine. Add flour and stir thoroughly. Add milk and cook until thickened. Stirring constantly, add salt and cayenne, then cheese, and cook gently until cheese is melted. Add beaten egg yolks, and cool. Pour into stiffly beaten egg whites and mix well. Bake in dish in moderate oven $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour.



MAXAM MACARONI CHEESE

Required:—1 breakfast cup white breadcrumbs; 1 cup milk; 1 tablespoon grated onion; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked macaroni; 2 eggs; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated Maxam Cheese; chopped parsley; piece of butter size of walnut; salt and pepper.

Method:—Heat the milk and add the butter. Pour over the bread crumbs, then add the cooked macaroni. Add salt, pepper, parsley and grated onions and cheese, then the eggs (well beaten). Cook in a well-greased Pyrex dish in a moderately slow oven about 45 minutes.



MAXAM FISH & MACARONI PIE

Required:—2 lbs. of cooked fish (or cooking salmon); $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. macaroni; 6 ozs. grated Maxam Cheese; 1 oz. margarine or butter; salt and pepper.

Method:—Remove all skin and bones from fish and separate into large flakes. Break macaroni into 1-inch lengths, put into boiling salted water and boil until tender. Grease pie-dish well and place in a layer of fish seasoned well with salt and pepper. Cover with macaroni, sprinkle with cheese. Then another layer of fish and so on until dish is full. Put small pieces of butter on top and sprinkle with a little shredded cheese. Bake about 20 minutes in hot oven.



MAXAM CHEESE & ONION PIE

Required:—4 ozs. Maxam Cheese grated; 1 medium onion grated; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk; 1 egg; 1 tablespoon parsley, finely chopped; 1 pinch salt; 1 small pinch cayenne pepper. For pie shell— $\frac{1}{2}$ packet Maxam Baked pastry mixture, 1 egg.

Method:—Make pastry as directed on Baked packet, with addition of egg to mixture. Roll out to $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thickness and form pie shell. Beat yolk of egg and milk together, add cheese, parsley, onion, and lastly fold in the white of egg. Place mixture in pie shell and top with a little grated cheese and sprinkle of salt. Bake in moderately hot oven for approximately 30 minutes. Serve with tomatoes, etc.



MAXAM CHEESE & RICE CROQUETTES

Required:—2 cups boiled spaghetti (cut small to resemble rice) or rice, or rice substitute; 1 cup shredded Maxam Cheese; 1 egg; 1 cup milk; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup margarine or fat; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour; salt and pepper.

Method:—Melt margarine (or fat) in small saucepan. Add salt, pepper and cheese, then milk, and stir over fire until boiling. Allow to cool, then add the boiled spaghetti (or rice), mix well and set aside until cold. Shape in balls, roll in beaten egg and crumbs and deep fry to a golden brown. Serve hot with mashed potatoes and green peas, or grilled tomatoes tipped with cheese.



MAXAM SAVOURY SPAGHETTI

Required:— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. spaghetti; 2 tablespoons fat; 1 small chopped onion; 2 cups chopped tomatoes; 2 teaspoons sugar; 6 oz. Maxam Cheese (grated); 1 teaspoon salt, little pepper, crumbs.

Method:—Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until soft, and drain. Melt fat, add onion and cook 10 minutes. Then add tomatoes, salt, pepper, and cook another 10 minutes. Add sugar, spaghetti and grated cheese. Place in a greased pie dish and sprinkle top with bread crumbs and a little grated Maxam Cheese. Bake in hot oven until a golden brown.

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RIGHT: Traditional furniture attractively arranged with plain forest-green carpeting as the color keynote. Walls are off-white, upholstery is patterned in warm tonings.

LIGHT and bright breakfast nook is shown below. Padded seats are covered with a gay lemon patterned chintz which is also used for window drapes.



For those about to furnish or refurnish

"THERE is hope and encouragement in the knowledge that it is not money alone that creates a comfortable and attractive home..."

This is one of the points made by Clive Carney in his book "Furnishing Art and Practice," which has just appeared on the market.

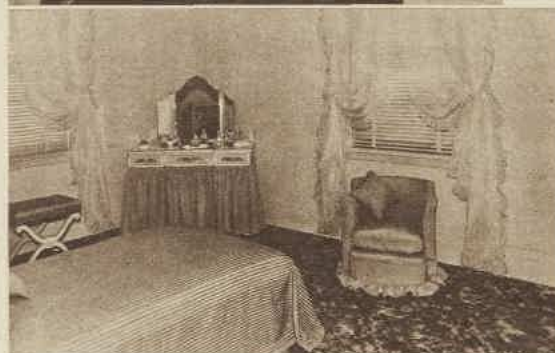
This 319-page book—the nearest approach to a furnishing encyclopaedia I have seen—covers every aspect of the subject and is largely presented in the form of questions and answers and a practical series of do's and don'ts.

Clive Carney has used interiors of many Australian homes to illustrate his book, and eight of the illustrations are reproduced on these pages.

In addition, hundreds of line drawings add to the value of the book. These were the work of his daughter, June Carney.

Here are suggested color schemes for rooms:

- Sage-green carpet, pale yellow walls, cream glass curtains, saffron drapes, green-and-cream upholstery, brown, blue, orange accessories.
- Mulberry carpet, palest pink walls, rich cream curtains, turquoise-blue upholstery, cream, blue, and lavender accessories.
- Silver-grey carpet, light grey walls, beige with blue-green patterned curtains, copper-rust, blue-green upholstery, orange, blue, green accessories.
- Rich blue carpet, white walls, white glass curtains, blue-and-white drapes, wine, maize upholstery, yellow, white accessories.



CRISP WHITE ORGANDIE with ruffles of broderie anglaise is the keynote in this charming young girl's room. Walls are soft aqua. Toilet table and chair in deeper aqua tone. Carpet is pastel chintz pattern.

Natural feeding is best

NATURAL feeding, when it is possible, is better for both mother and child than any artificial method.

Better health, happiness, and satisfaction result to the mother, and there is a greater bond between her and the child, which is of great benefit to the baby, giving him a sense of security he might otherwise lack.

Baby is protected from disease in the natural manner if his mother feeds him, and he is better nourished.

A chapter dealing with every aspect of breast feeding is to be found in our parentcraft book "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob. Copies may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, or from city bookstores. Price is 7/6 plus 4½d. postage (or 10½d. registered).



A ROOM of comfort and convenience with an inviting atmosphere. Curtains are dark green figured moire. Upholstery is in beige and rose Gobelins tapestry. Fine Dresden china figures add interest to the mantelpiece. Mirror reflects charm, adds to spacious effect of room.

QUICK-EZE

give QUICK RELIEF from

INDIGESTION

AFTER-MEAL PAINS, HEART-BURN, EXCESS STOMACH ACID, DYSPEPSIA

Indigestion is suffered needlessly by most of its victims. The more common symptoms—after-meal pains, "fullness," flatulence, heart-burn—can be relieved in seconds by one or two rapid-acting Quick-Eze Antacid Tablets.



Digestive disorders cause more sickness than any other ailment

Any tendency to digestive disturbances should be countered by chewing one or two Quick-Eze Antacid Tablets after each meal. In the average case this will prevent after-meal discomfort.

Quick-Eze are made to B.P. Codex Standard for Quick Action

Quick-Eze are the most convenient to take and handiest to carry. A packet in pocket or handbag provide an immediate remedy for relief just when and where you need it. Keep a packet always at hand and be sure of quick relief from indigestion.

Sealed in the New, Handy, Hygienic Pack

Wrapped in spill-proof, dust-proof protective gilt-foil, Quick-Eze stay active and fresh to the last tablet. And they are conveniently on sale EVERYWHERE!



QUICK-EZE 6^D PER PKT.

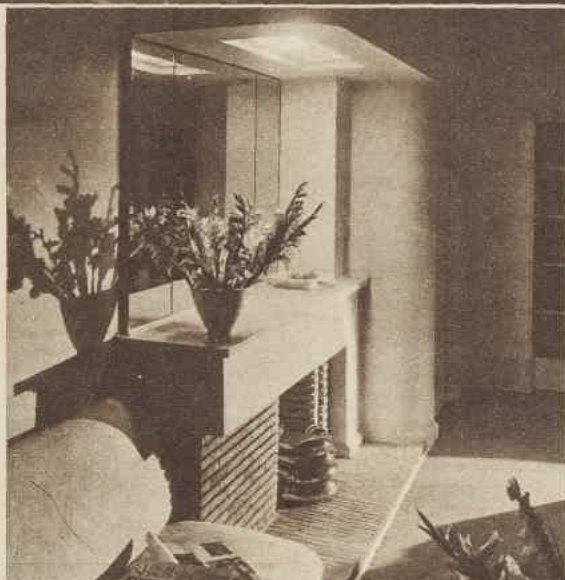
for INDIGESTION



ARCHITECTURAL treatment of this modern lounge and dining area (top left) is worth noting.

And here are some "don'ts":

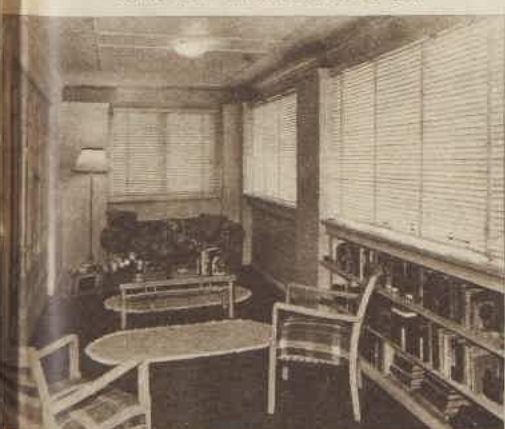
- Don't pay a high price for an upholstered chair or settee unless it is fully sprung at the highest point across the back. (Pieces having visible wood frames are excepted.)
- Don't display an abundance of silverware in the dining-room. A few choice pieces suffice.
- Don't ruin your furniture through constantly knocking it with the sweeper.
- Don't hang pictures or mirrors with visible wires. Have the wall plugged and make the wire invisible.
- Don't arrange the furniture for effect only. Consider your own comfort as well as your guests'.
- Don't buy a quantity of furniture in a hurry.
- Don't hesitate to copy good ideas.
- Don't buy veneered pieces that show small cracks on the surface. In time they may become unsightly.
- Don't drag furniture across the carpet; always lift it.
- Don't use a powerful suction vacuum cleaner to excess.—Eve Gye.



INTERESTING fireplace with canopy. Indirect lighting creates dramatic effect.



COMFORT AND DIGNITY with an air of space are keynotes of this living-room. Carpeting is in soft mushroom tones. Curtains of Italian lampas have deeper mushroom ground with floral vertical stripes.



ABOVE is shown an attractively appointed sunroom. This room also serves as a cosy reading and sewing room at night-time. Notice the built-in bookshelves.

FRUIT TREES

DURING July all summer fruits should be pruned and sprayed and put ship-shape for next season. This applies to apricots, cherries, plums, peaches, nectarines, apples, pears, persimmons, quinces.

Last summer most peaches, almonds, and nectarines were attacked by leaf curl disease. Timely sprayings this month and during August will check this parasitical fungus disease. Bordeaux mixture or lime sulphur can be used now and again just before buds burst.

When pruning, make sure to remove all dried-up or mummified fruits, as these contain the fungi of brown rot. Gather these fruits up as you remove them, placing them in a tin. Deep burying or burning is advised, as the fungi will persist in millions for five or six years from a single mummified peach or nectarine. Gather up all prunings, too, and burn them when thoroughly dry. Leaves from trees that were infected with leaf curl disease last summer should also be burned.

Many novice gardeners confuse the codlin moth grub, which infests only pome fruits (apples, pears, and quinces), with the maggots of the fruit fly. During winter very little can be done to check either pest, but regular D.D.T. spraying of citrus trees, which are usually infested with fruit fly during winter, will materially reduce the fly population in summer fruits later on.

When the petals fall from pome fruits in late spring is the time to spray with lead arsenate or D.D.T. for codlin moth control. This has to be repeated every three weeks until harvest. Fruit flies will also die if the fruit trees are splashed with D.D.T., sugar, and water during springtime.

Home fruit trees will show increased vigor and crops if they are well fed with manure or fertiliser during winter. Any animal or bird manure can be scattered round the perimeter of the tree and then be dug in or hoed in. Artificial fertilisers are best applied in holes, around but well away from tree trunks.—Our Home Gardener.

"WONDERFUL
ALL YEAR ROUND"

says

Betty King

LUSCIOUS
Mello
DESSERT



Mello Vanilla Float

So satisfying for winter appetites. (And such a luscious way to use up left over cake!)

- 1 packet Vanilla Mello
- 1 pint milk
- Squares of stale cake
- Cream or cream substitute

Make Vanilla Mello with milk according to the simple directions on the packet. Allow to cool, then pour its golden richness over 1-1½ inch squares of cake in a shallow dish. Top with whipped cream or cream substitute and serve warm or cold. Enough for 4-6 and they'll love you for it.

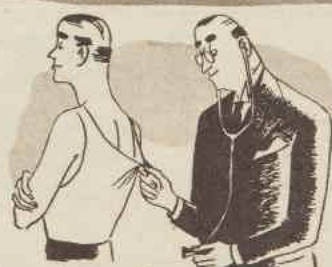


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M.4.8

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In the range of Hotpoint receivers, there's one—or more—that you need right now! Personal and standard portables add to outdoors enjoyment—whether you're basking on Queensland beaches, skiing at Kosciuszko, hiking or touring. Hotpoint mantel radios give you, inexpensively, a "second" set for the guest room, the kitchen or sun porch. The Hotpoint console, which is available in 4-volt, 6-volt, 32-volt, D.C. and A.C. models, offers you excellent tonal quality and a distinctively handsome cabinet. The radiograms bring to your living room the world's best in radio entertainment, local and overseas, with an automatic changer to enable you to enjoy recorded music at your leisure. And, in all these receivers, there's a hidden asset—it's the Hotpoint name which guarantees quality.

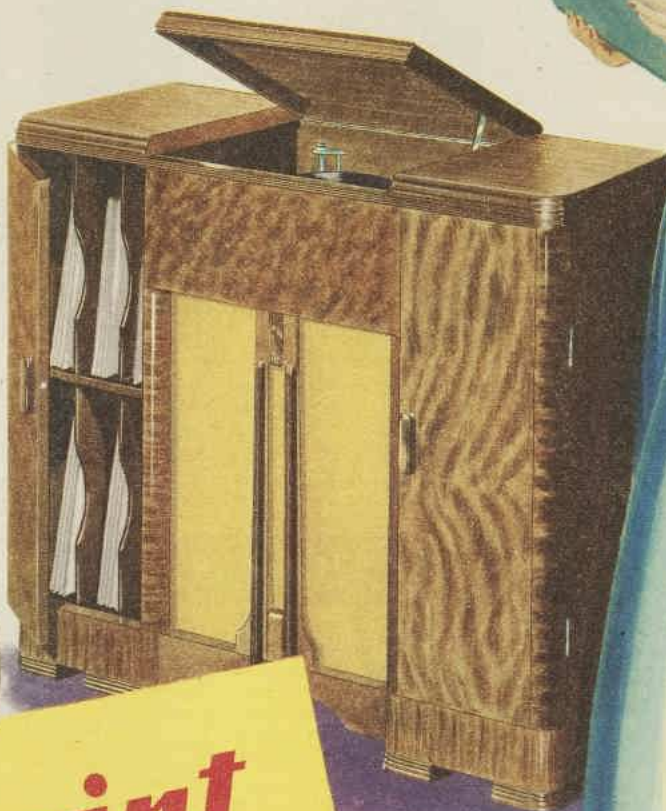
HOTPOINT PERSONAL PORTABLE.—Smartly styled in plastic case... weighs only 5 lbs... miniature valves give increased sensitivity... aerial is built into the cover... automatic volume control... Walnut, Burgundy or Ivory. From £19/15/8. Plastic carrying bag available.

HOTPOINT 9-VALVE ALL-WAVE COMBINATION.—Cabinet built by master craftsmen, finished in beautiful veneers... two record storage compartments... automatic record changer... "magic-eye" tuning... hand-spreading for selective tuning... push-pull output... A.C. operation... £158.



HOTPOINT CONSOLE RECEIVER.—Handsome walnut veneer cabinet... large, easily-read dial... 13" speaker... A.C. models equipped for use with a pick-up... available in 5-valve models for dual-wave and all-wave, battery or A.C. reception. From £49/18/6.

HOTPOINT MANTEL RECEIVER.—Attractive plastic cabinet... straight line, well-lit dial... available with 4 or 5 valves for medium or dual wave reception in A.C. or battery models... Walnut, Burgundy or Ivory. From £18/15/6.



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OBTAINABLE FROM YOUR LOCAL HOTPOINT RETAILER



HOTPOINT IDEAL SECOND SET.—Distinctively styled plastic cabinet... 5" speaker... A.C. model features a built-in aerial... battery model uses miniature valves... Walnut, Burgundy or Ivory. From £17/14/6.

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Pattern for beginners

F6059.—Beginner's pattern for a child's topcoat. The coat has contrast for revers and facings. Sizes 18, 20, 23, and 27in. lengths, for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Special price 1/3.

F6039.—Maternity dress and matching swing jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 2/4.

F6061.—Tailored one-piece with pleated skirt. Design can be drafted with long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

F6029.—Cosy winter dressing-gown has good wrap-over closing, and contrast for trim. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 2/4.

F6013.—Pretty daytime dress with skirt drape and contrast "fill in" for neckline and sleeve trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 1/11.

F6060.—Smart suit styled with a slim skirt and jacket with collar interest. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 2/4.



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